





CP  
JGT







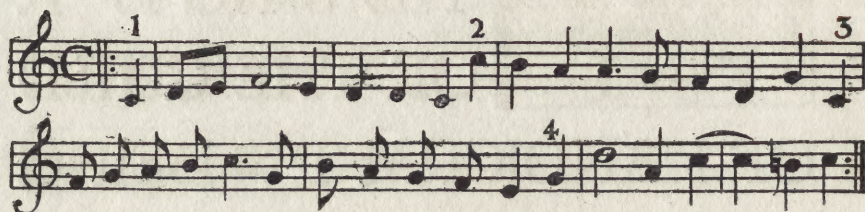


HERE BEGINS THE  
SIXTH PART OF  
THE S<sup>o</sup>NG B<sup>o</sup>OK  
OF THE GUILD  
OF HANDICRAFT ❁ BEING  
THE SONGS OF SPORT.



NOW, ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.

Canon. 1609.



Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow,  
Sweet Robin lend to me thy bow,  
For I must now a hunting with my lady goe,  
With my sweet lady goe.

And whither will thy lady goe?  
Sweet Wilkin, tell it unto mee;  
And thou shalt have my hawke, my hound, and eke my  
bow,  
To wait on thy lady.



My lady will to Uppingham,  
To Uppingham forsooth will shee;  
And I my selfe appointed for to be the man  
To wait on my lady.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all beshrewde,  
Thy hunting nothing pleaseth mee;  
But yet beware thy babling hounds stray not abroad  
For angring of thy lady.

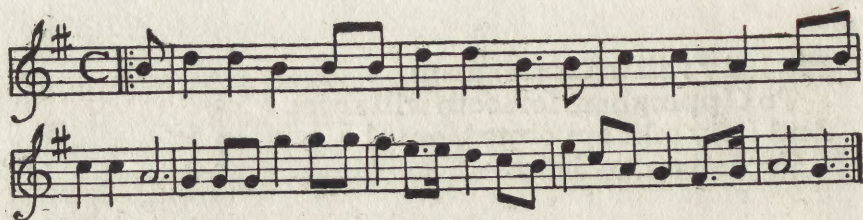
My hounds shall be led in line  
So well I can assure it thee;  
Unlesse by straine of view some pursue I may finde,  
To please my sweet lady.

With that the lady shee came in,  
And wild them all for to agree;  
For honest hunting never was accounted sinne.  
Nor never shall for mee.



## JOHN PEEL.

Yorkshire Traditional.



D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?  
 D'ye ken John Peel, at the break o' the day?  
 D'ye ken John Peel, when he's far, far away  
 With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Chorus. For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,  
 And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led.  
 Peel's view-halloo would awaken the dead,  
 Or the fox from the lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,  
 Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,  
 From a find to a check, from a check to a view,  
 From a view to a death in the morning.

Chorus. For the sound, &c.

Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,  
 Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl;  
 We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul  
 If we want a good hunt in the morning.

Chorus. For the sound, &c.

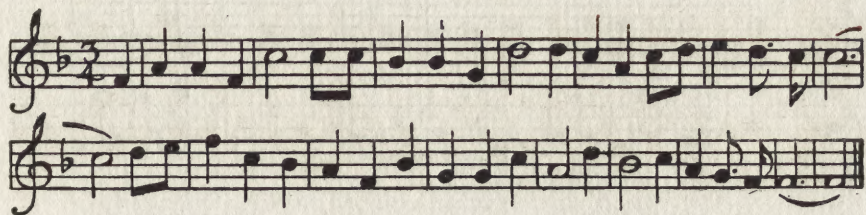
D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?  
 He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;  
 Now he has gone far, far away,  
 We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

Chorus. For the sound, &c.



## THE ANGLER'S SONG.

In Walton's Compleat Angler.



Man's life is but vain:  
For'tis subject to pain  
And sorrow, and short as a Bubble;  
'Tis a Hodg Podg of business, and money and care,  
And care and money and trouble.

(Repeat softly.)

'Tis a Hodg Podg of business, and money and care,  
And care and money and trouble.

But we'll take no care,  
When the Weather proves fair;  
Nor will we vex now though it rain.  
We'll banish all sorrow  
And sing till to-morrow,  
And angle and angle again.

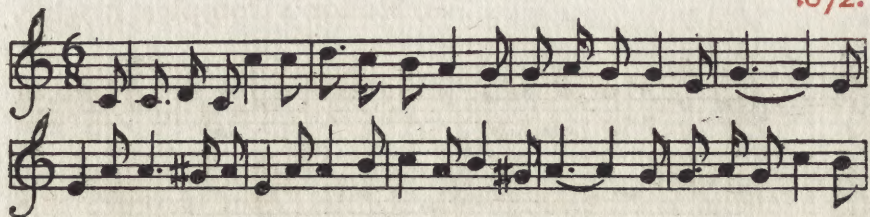
(Repeat soft, but sing the last four bars loud.)

We'll banish all sorrow and sing till to-morrow,  
And angle and angle again.



## COME, LASSES AND LADS.

1672.

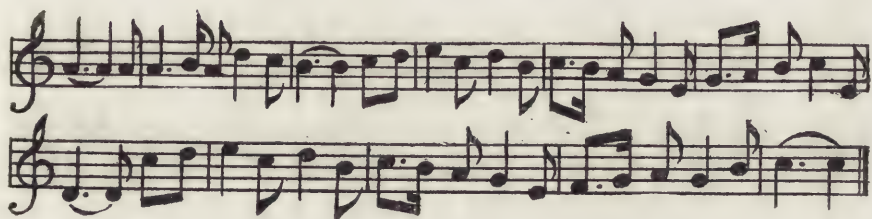


Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,  
Away to the maypole hie,  
For every fair has a sweetheart there—  
The fiddler standing by;  
For Willy shall dance with Jane,  
And Johnny has got his Joan,  
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,  
Trip it up and down,  
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,  
Trip it up and down.

Strike up,—says Wat,—Agreed, says Mat,  
And I prithee, fiddler, play;  
Content, says Hodge, and so says Madge,  
For this is a holiday.  
Then every lad did doff,  
His hat unto his lass,  
And every girl did curtsey, curtsey,  
Curtsey on the grass.

You're out, says Dick;—not I, says Nick,  
'Twas the fiddler played it wrong:  
'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue,  
And so says every one.





The fiddler then began  
To play the tune again,

And every girl did trip it, trip it,  
Trip it to the men.

Then, after an hour, they went to a bower,  
And played for ale and cakes,  
And kisses, too—until they were due  
The lasses held the stakes.  
The girls did then begin  
To quarrel with the men,

And bade them take their kisses back,  
And give them their own again.

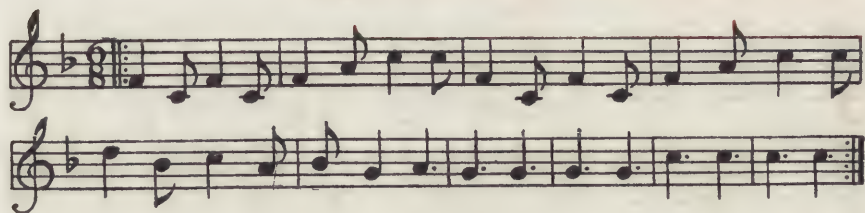
Good night, says Harry,—Good night, says Mary,  
Good night, says Dolly to John;  
Good night, says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh,  
Good night, says every one.  
Some walked, and some did run,  
Some loitered on the way,

And bound themselves by kisses twelve,  
To meet the next holiday.



## HARK! THEY CRY.

From the Masque of Narcissus. 1602.



Harke, they crye, I heare by that,  
The doggs have putt the hare from quatte;  
Then woe be unto little Watt.

Chorus. Yolp, yolp, yolp, yolp.  
(Echo. Yolp, yolp, yolp, yolp.)

Hollowe in the hind doggs, hollowe;  
So come on then, solla, solla;  
And let us so blithley followe.

Chorus. Yolp, &c.

O! the doggs are out of sight,  
But the crye is my delight;  
Hark how Jumball hitts it right.

Chorus. Yolp, &c.

Over briars, over bushes;  
Who's affeard of pricks and pushes,  
He's no hunter worth two rushes.

Chorus. Yolp, &c.

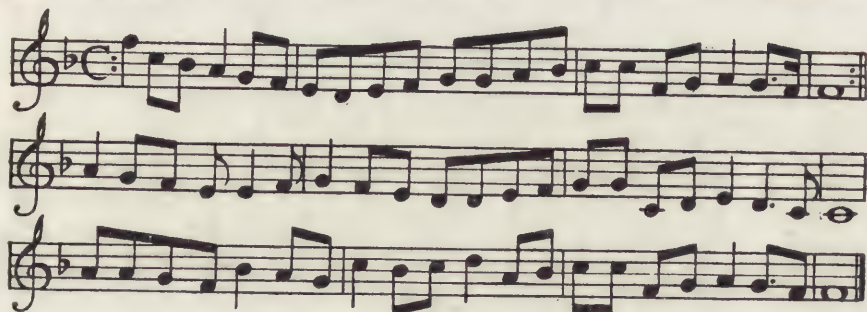
But how long thus shall we wander?  
O! the hare's a lusty stander;  
Followe apace, the doggs are yonder.

Chorus. Yolp, &c.



# THE HUNTSMAN'S CAREER.

1682.



Long ere the morn expects the return  
Of Apollo from the ocean queen;  
Before the creak of the crow, and the break  
Of the day in the welkin seen;  
Mounted he'd hallo and cheerfully follow  
To the chase with his bugle clear:  
Echo doth he make and the mountain to shake  
With the thunder of his career.

Now, bonny boy, in his foine waxeth grey,  
Dapple grey waxeth bay in his blood;  
White Lily stops with the scent in her chops,  
And Black Lady makes it good.  
Poor, silly Wat in this wretched state  
Forgets these delights to hear;  
Nimbly she bounds from the cry of the hounds  
And the music of their career.

Thus he careers over heaths, over meres,  
Over deeps, over downs, over clay;  
Till he hath won the noon from the moon,  
And the evening from the day.  
This sport then he ends, and joyfully wends  
Home again to his cottage, where  
Frankly he feasts himself and his guests,  
And carouses in his career.



## THE WRESTLING MATCH.

Cornish Traditional.



I sing of champions bold,  
That wrestled not for gold.  
And all the cry was Will Trefry!  
That he should win the day.  
**So, Will Trefry Huzzah!**  
The ladies clap their hands and cry  
**Trefry! Trefry! Huzzah!**

Then up sprang little Jan,  
A lad scarce grown a man,  
He said, Trefry! I wot, I'll try  
A hitch with thee this day.  
**So, little Jan, Huzzah!**  
The ladies clap their hands and cry,  
**O little Jan, Huzzah!**



They wrestled on the ground  
His match Trefry had found  
And back he bore, in struggle sore,  
He felt his force give way.  
So little Jan, Huzzah!  
So some did say—but others, Nay,  
Trefry! Trefry! Huzzah!

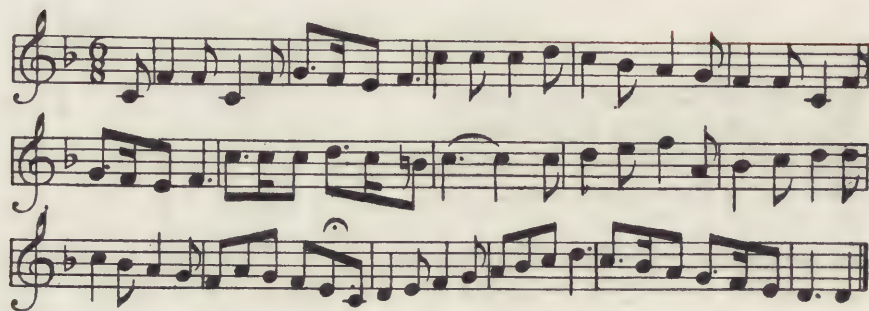
Then with a desperate toss,  
Will showed the flying boss.  
And little Jan fell on the tan,  
And never more he spake.  
O little Jan! alack!  
The ladies says, O woe's the day,  
O little Jan—alack.

Now little Jan, I ween,  
That day had married been;  
Had he not died, a gentle bride,  
That day he home had led.  
O little Jan is dead!  
The ladies sigh, the ladies cry  
O little Jan is dead!



## THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE POACHER.

Nottinghamshire Traditional.



In Thorney woods in Nottinghamshire,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
Three keepers' houses stood three square,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
Three keepers' houses stood three square,  
About a mile from each other they were,  
In order to look after the deer,  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

I and my dogs went out one night,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
The moon and stars they shone so bright,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
O'er hedges, ditches, gates, and stiles,  
With my two dogs close at my heels,  
To look for a buck in Parkmoor fields,  
Fol re rol lol de rol li do!



The very first night I had bad luck,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
For my very best dog in the breast got stuck,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
He came to me so limping lame,  
He was not able to follow the game,  
How sorry I was to see the same!  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

I searched his wounds, and found them slight,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
'Twas done by the keeper out of spite,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
I took my pikestaff in my hand,  
And ranged the woods to find the man,  
To see whether I his hide could tan,  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

When I had ranged all that night,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
Until the next morning it was daylight,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
When I had ranged all that night,  
Until the next morning it was daylight,  
I thought it high time to take my flight,  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

Then I went home, and went to bed,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
And limping Jack sent in my stead,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!



In Parkmoor fields, oh there he found  
A brave fat buck running over the ground,  
And my two dogs soon pulled him down,  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

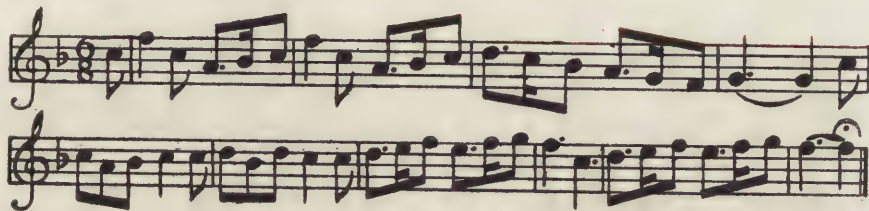
I listened awhile to hear their note,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
Jack drew a quivy, and cut his throat,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
How you'd have laughed to see limping Jack,  
Come hopping along with a buck on his back,  
And hide it under the miller's haystack,  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

We sent for the butcher to dress up our game,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
And likewise another to sell the same,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
A very fine haunch we offered for sale,  
'Twas to an old woman that sold bad ale,  
And, hang her! she brought us all to jail,  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

Now sessions are over, assizes are near,  
Right fol lol de li de O!  
Now Jack and I we must appear,  
Fol de rol lol de ri da!  
Your bucks and does may range so free,  
But hares and rabbits they are for me;  
A poacher's life is the life for me,  
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!



THE HUNT IS UP. Air & Words by King Henry VIII.



The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
And it is well-nigh day,  
And Harry our King is gone hunting,  
To bring his deer to bay.

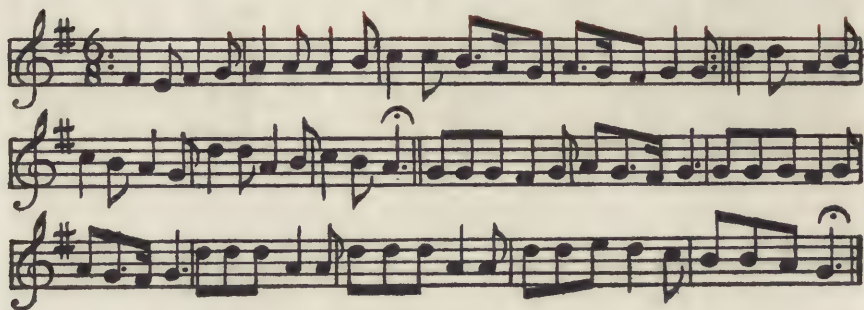
The east is bright with morning light,  
And darkness it is fled;  
The merry horn wakes up the morn  
To leave his idle bed.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
And it is well-nigh day,  
And Harry our King is gone hunting,  
To bring his deer to bay.

## THE GOLDEN STREAM.

Words by C. R. Ashbee. Air: 'Row Well ye Mariners.'

1603.



Down the golden stream, as the morn  
With misty eyes wakes wild and new,  
And the yellow cowslip lifts a horn  
The tender night has stored with dew,  
And the tent is struck and the boats swing free  
To the songs best loved by you and me.

Cherish the old and love the true,  
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—  
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—  
And earth shall be fair for me and for you.

Down the golden stream of time  
Dance the shadows laughing, leaping;  
Upward hourly bent to climb  
His cloudy stair the sun is creeping;  
As, with the songs we love, the noon  
Hath overtaken us all too soon.

Cherish the old, &c.



Down the golden stream we pass,  
Tower, and church, and hall, and town,  
As a misty dream in a sphere of glass  
For a moment seen ere the light dips down;  
And ever the songs we love to sing  
Fly free in the wind as birds on the wing.

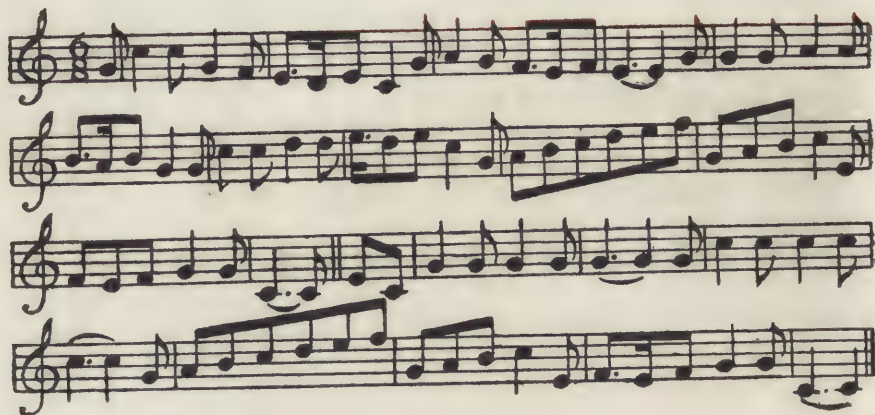
Cherish the old and love the true,  
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—  
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—  
And earth shall be fair for me and for you.

Down the golden stream, as the red  
Last light is seen of the sunken sun,  
And the camp fire nods to a fair day sped,  
And the silent stars wake one by one—  
Then, with the songs that we love best,  
Sing we the weary world to rest.

Cherish the old and love the true,  
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—  
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—  
And earth shall be fair for me and for you.

# A~HUNTING WE WILL GO.

Words by Henry Fielding. 18th Century.



The dusky night rides down the sky  
And ushers in the morn,  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn.

Chorus. Then a~hunting we will go,  
A~hunting we will go.  
A~hunting, hunting we will go,  
A~hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms, and begs him stay;  
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,  
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,  
You will not hunt to~day?"

Chorus. But a~hunting we will go, &c.



"A brushing fōx in yonder wood,  
Secure to find we seek;  
For why, I carried, sound and good,  
For why, I carried, sound and good,  
A cart-load there last week."

Chorus. And a~hunting we will go, &c.

Away he goes, he flies, the rout  
Their steeds all spur and switch;  
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,  
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,  
And some thrown in the ditch.

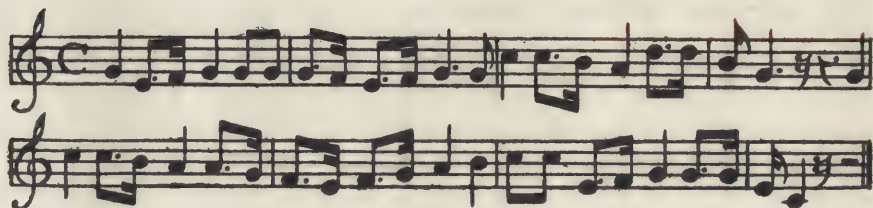
Chorus. But a hunting we will go, &c.

At length, his strength to faintness worn,  
Poor Reynard ceases flight;  
Then, hungry, homeward we return,  
Then, hungry, homeward we return,  
To feast away the night.

Chorus. Then a~drinking we do go,  
A~drinking we do go.  
A~drinking, drinking we do go,  
A~drinking we do go.

# DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK.

Words and Music by G. J. Whyte-Melville.



Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks!  
And here's to the line that we follow,  
And here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,  
Though merrily we whoop and we holloa!

Chorus. Then drink, puppy, drink, and let every puppy  
drink,  
That is old enough to lap and to swallow,  
For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle  
round,  
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa.



Here's to the horse, and the rider too, of course;  
And here's to the rally o' the hunt, boys;  
Here's a health to every friend, who can struggle to the end,  
And here's to the Tallo~ho in front, boys.

Chorus. Then drink, &c.

Here's to the gap, and the timber that we rap,  
Here's to the white thorn, and the black, too;  
And here's to the pace that puts life into the chase,  
And the fence that gives a moment to the pack, too.

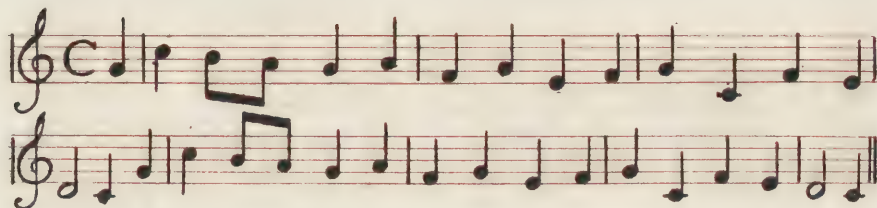
Chorus. Then drink, &c.

Oh! the pack is staunch and true, now they run from scent  
to view,  
And it's worth the risk to life and limb and neck, boys;  
To see them drive & stoop till they finish with 'Who~whoop,'  
Forty minutes on the grass without a check, boys.

Chorus. Then drink, &c.

## THE ROYAL RECREATION OF JOVIAL ANGLERS.

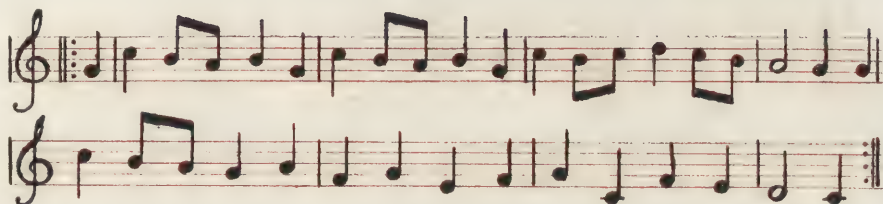
Words 17th Century. Air: "The Vicar of Bray."



Of all the recreations which  
Attend to human Nature  
There's nothing soars so high a pitch  
Or is of such a stature,  
As is the subtil angler's life  
In all men's approbation,  
For anglers' tricks do daily mix  
With every corporation.

When Eve and Adam liv'd in love  
And had no cause of jangling,  
The Devil did the Waters move,  
The serpent went to angling.  
He baits his hook with godlike look,  
Thought he, "This will intangle her."  
The woman chops and down she drops,  
The Devil was first an angler.





Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines  
Are most ingenious Janglers,  
And he that tries shall find in time  
That all of them are anglers;  
Whilst grave Divines do fish for souls,  
Physicians (like Curmudgeons)  
Do bait with health to fish for wealth,  
And lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

A Politician, too, is one  
Concerned in Piscatory,  
He writes, he fights, unites, and slights  
To purchase wealth and glory;  
His plummet sounds the kingdom's bounds  
To make the Fishes nibble,  
His ground bait is a past of lies,  
And he blinds them with the Bible.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt twelve and one  
Meets many a neat Intangler,  
'Mongst Merchantmen not one in ten  
But is a Cunning Angler.  
For, like the Fishes in the brook,  
Brother doth swallow brother,  
A Golden-Bait hangs at the hook,  
And they Fish for one another.

A shopkeeper I next prefer,  
A formal man in black, sir,  
He throws his angle everywhere,  
And cries: "What is't you lack, sir?  
Fine silks or stuffs or hoods or muffs?"  
But if a Courtier prove the Intangler,  
My citizen must look to't then,  
Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

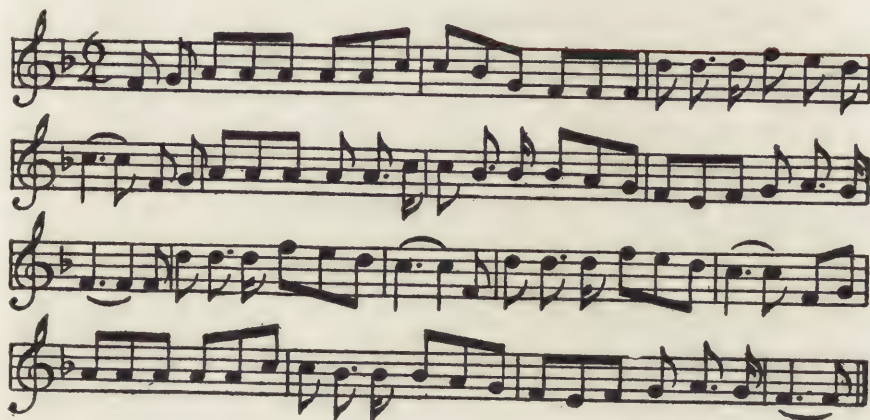
A lover is an Angler, too,  
And baits his hook with kisses:  
He plaies, he toyes, he fain would do,  
But oftentimes he misses.  
He gives her rings and such fine things,  
A fan and muff and night-hood,  
But if you cheat a city pate  
You must bait your hook with a knighthood.

Thus have I made my Angler's trade  
To stand above defiance,  
For, like the mathematic Art,  
It runs thro' every science:  
If with my angling Song I can  
To mirth and pleasure seize you,  
I'll bait my hook with wit again,  
And angle still to please you.



## THE HUNTING DAY.

Words and Air by Wm. Williams.



What a fine hunting day!  
It's as balmy as May,  
And the hounds to the village will come;  
Every friend will be there,  
When all troubles and care  
Will be left far behind them at home.  
See servants and steeds on their way,  
And sportsmen their scarlet display—  
Let us join the glad throng  
That goes laughing along,  
So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Chorus. All nature looks smiling and gay—  
Let us join the glad throng  
That goes laughing along,  
So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Farmer Hodge to his Dame  
Said: "I'm sixty and lame,  
Times are hard, yet my rent I must pay;  
But I don't care a jot  
If I raise it or not,  
For I will go a-hunting to-day.  
There's a fox in the spinney, they say;  
I'll hunt him and get him away;  
I'll be first in the rush,  
And ride hard for the brush,  
For I must go a-hunting to-day.

Chorus. All nature, &c.

There's the Dr., in boots,  
With a breakfast that suits  
Him, of strong home-brewed ale and good beef;  
And his patients in pain  
Say: "We've come once again  
To consult you in hope of relief."  
To the poor he advice gives away,  
For the rich he prescribes and takes pay,  
And to each one he said:  
"You will shortly be dead,  
So you must go a-hunting to-day!"

Chorus. All nature looks smiling and gay—  
Let us join the glad throng  
That goes laughing along,  
So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.



As the judge sits in Court  
He gets wind of the sport,  
And the lawyers apply to adjourn,  
As no witness has come;  
There is none found at home—  
They have followed the hounds and the horn.  
Says his worship: "Great fines they shall pay  
If they will not our summons obey,  
Yet it's very fine sport,  
So I'll break up the Court,  
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day."

*Chorus. All nature, &c.*

As the village bells chime,  
There's a wedding at nine,  
And the parson unites the fond pair;  
When he hears the sweet sound  
Of the horn and the hound,  
And he knows that it's time to be there.  
Says he: "For your welfare I'll pray,  
With regret I no longer can stay;  
Now you're safely made one  
You must quickly be gone,  
For I must go a-hunting to-day."

*Chorus. All nature looks smiling and gay—  
Let us join the glad throng  
That goes laughing along,  
So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.*

There is only one cure  
For all maladies sure  
That reaches the heart to its core,  
'Tis the sound of a horn  
On a fine hunting morn,  
And where is the heart wishing more?  
It turneth the grave into gay,  
And makes pain to pleasure give way,  
Makes the weak become strong  
And the old become young,  
So we'll all go a~hunting to~day.

Chorus. All nature looks smiling and gay—  
Let us join the glad throng  
That goes laughing along,  
So we'll all go a~hunting to~day.

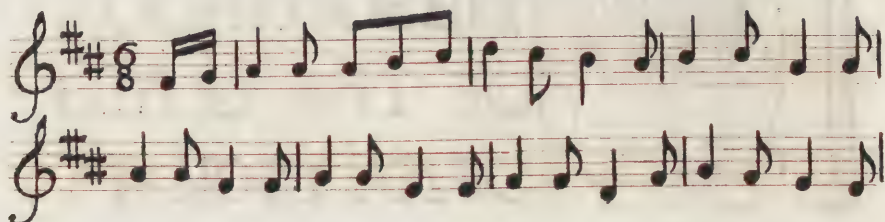




PART SEVEN OF  
THE SONGBOOK  
OF THE GUILD  
OF HANDICRAFT  
BEING SONGS OF THE  
TAVERN AND THE VINE.

## THE LEATHER BOTTÈL.

16th or 17th Century.

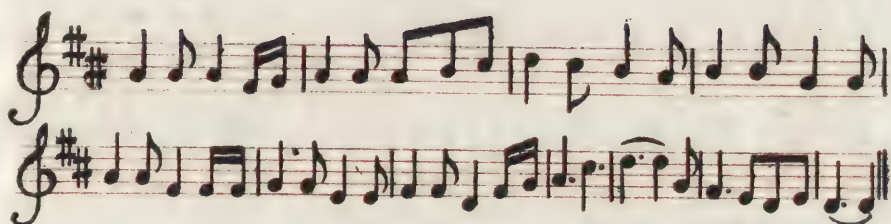


When I survey the world around  
The wondrous things that do abound,  
The ships that on the sea do swim  
To keep our foes that none come in,  
Ay! let them all say what they can,  
'Twas for one end the use of man,  
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell  
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Now what do you say to those cans of wood?  
Oh, no, in faith they cannot be good!  
For if the bearer fall by the way  
Why on the ground your liquor doth lay:  
But had it been in a leather bottèl,  
Although he had fallen, all had been well:  
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?  
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine!  
For if you chance to touch the brim,  
Down falls the liquor and all therein.  
But had it been in a leather bottèl,  
And the stopper in, all had been well:  
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottèl.





Then what do you say to these black pots three?  
If a man and his wife should not agree,  
Why they tug and pull till their liquor does spill;  
In a leather bottel they may tug their fill,  
And pull away till their hearts do ache,  
And yet their liquor no harm doth take.

So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottel.

At morn the haymakers sit them down  
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;  
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,  
A good full bottle will do them no harm;  
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,  
But what would they be without their bottle?

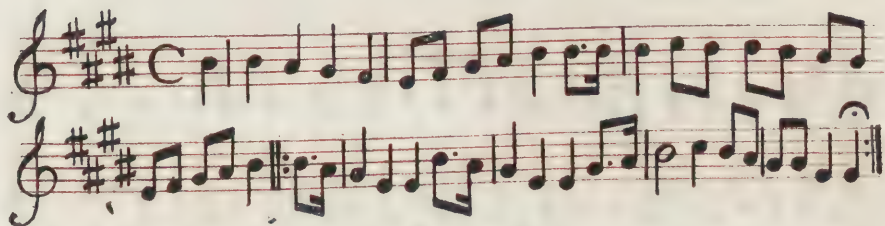
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottel.

And when the bottle at last grows old,  
And will good liquor no longer hold,  
But of the sides you may make a clout  
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;  
Or take and hang it up on a pin,  
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.

So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottel.

# SOMERSETSHIRE WASSAIL.

Traditional.



Wassail! wassail! all round the town  
For the cup is white and the ale is brown,  
For 'tis our wassail! and 'tis your wassail!  
And 'tis joy come to our jolly wassail!

The cup is made of the ashen tree,  
And the ale is made of the best barley.  
For 'tis our, etc.

The great dog of Langport burnt his tail,  
The night that we went singing wassail.  
For 'tis our, etc.

O maid, fair maid, in holland smock,  
Come ope the door and turn the lock.  
For 'tis our, etc.

O maid, fair maid, with golden tag,  
Come ope the door and show a pretty leg.  
For 'tis our, etc.

O master, mistress, that sit by the fire,  
Consider us poor travellers all in the mire.  
For 'tis our, etc.

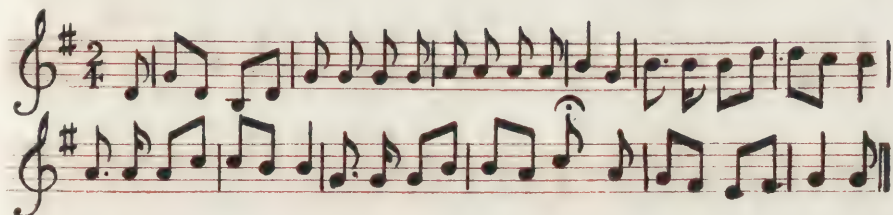
Put out the ale and the raw milk cheese,  
And then you shall see how happy we be's.  
For 'tis our, etc.



COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

Words founded on Beaumont & Fletcher's Drinking Song  
in the 'Bloody Brother.'

Air: 17th Century.



Come landlord fill the flowing bowl  
Until it doth run over,  
For to night we'll merry be,  
To morrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh small beer,  
And goes to bed quite sober,  
Fades as the leaves do fade,  
That drop off in October.

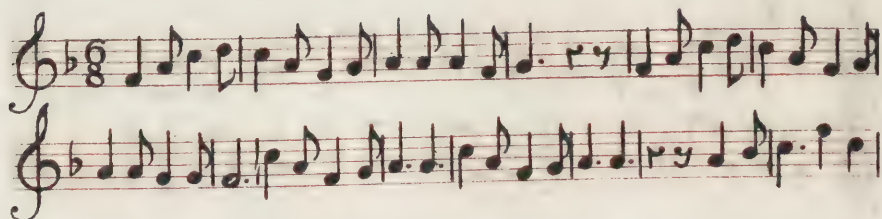
The man who drinketh strong beer,  
And goes to bed quite mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

But he who drinks just what he likes  
And getteth half seas over,  
Will live until he die, perhaps,  
And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl,  
And goes and tells his mother,  
Ought to have his lips cut off,  
And never kiss another.

## THE WASSAIL BOUGH.

Yorkshire. Traditional.



Here we come a wassailing among the leaves of green;  
Here we come a wandering, so fairly to be seen.

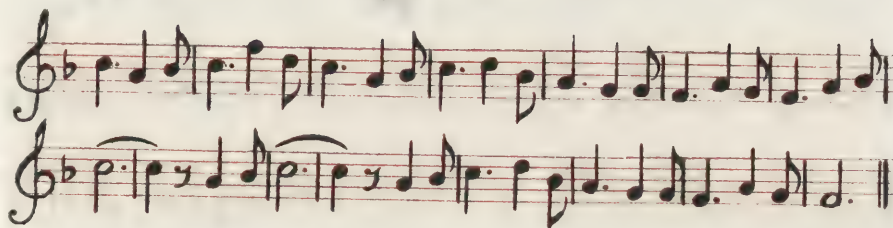
Our jolly wassail, our jolly wassail,  
Love and joy come to you, and to our wassail bough;  
Pray God bless you, and send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars, that beg from door to door,  
We are the neighbours' children whom you have seen before.

Our jolly wassail, our jolly wassail,  
Love and joy come to you, and to our wassail bough;  
Pray God bless you, and send you a happy New Year.

I have a little purse, it is made of leather skin;  
I want a little sixpence to line it well within.





Our jolly wassail, our jolly wassail,  
Love and joy come to you, and to our wassail bough;  
Pray God bless you, and send you a happy New Year.

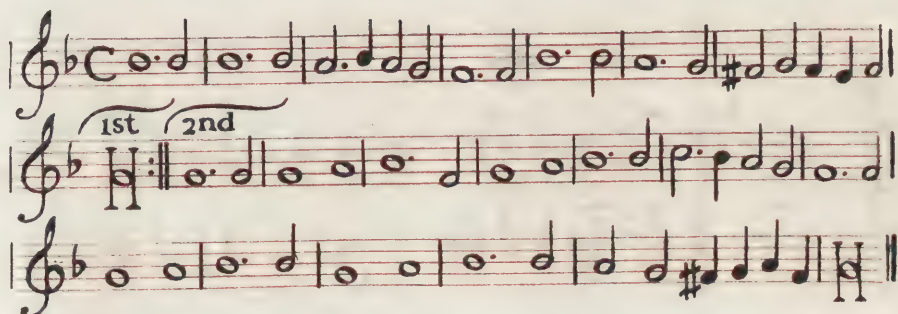
Bring us out the table and spread it with the cloth;  
Bring us out the bread and cheese, and a bit of your  
Christmas loaf.

Our jolly wassail, our jolly wassail,  
Love and joy come to you, and to our wassail bough;  
Pray God bless you, and send you a happy New Year.

God bless the master of the house, and the mistress too;  
Also the little children, which round the table grew.

Our jolly wassail, our jolly wassail,  
Love and joy come to you, and to our wassail bough;  
Pray God bless you, and send you a happy New Year.

PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY. King Henry VIII.



Pastime with good company  
 I love, and shall until I die;  
 Grudge who will, but none deny,  
 So God be pleased this life will I:  
 For my pastance, hunt, sing, and dance,  
 My heart is set  
 All good-ly sport to my comfort  
 Who shall me let?

Youth will have needs dalliance,  
 Of good or ill some pastance;  
 Company methinketh best  
 All thoughts and fancies to digest—  
 For idleness is chief mistress  
 Of vices all:  
 Then who can say but pass the day  
 Is best of all?

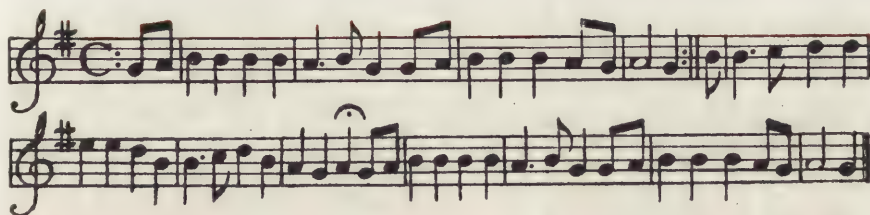
Company with honesty  
 Is virtue and vice to flee;  
 Company is good or ill,  
 But ev'ry man hath his free will;  
 The best I sue, the worst eschew,  
 My mind shall be;  
 Virtue to use, vice to refuse,  
 I shall use me.



HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY. 1667.

Second & third verses modern.

Air by T. Savile.



Here's a health unto his Majesty,—

With a fa la la, la la lero,—

Conversion to his enemy,—

With a fa la la, la la lero.

And he who will not pledge this health,

I wish him neither wit nor wealth,

Nor yet a rope to hang himself,

With a fa la, &c.

Yes, he that will not join with me,—

With a fa la la, la la lero,—

In drinking health to his Majesty,—

With a fa la la, la la lero,—

May he grow thin and his spirits sink,

May his wife be cross and his money shrink,

May he never again have a chance to drink,

With a fa la, &c.

Here's a health then to our lord the King,

With a fa la la, la la lero,—

And he that will not rise and sing—

With a fa la la, la la lero.

Let each man help him with his toe

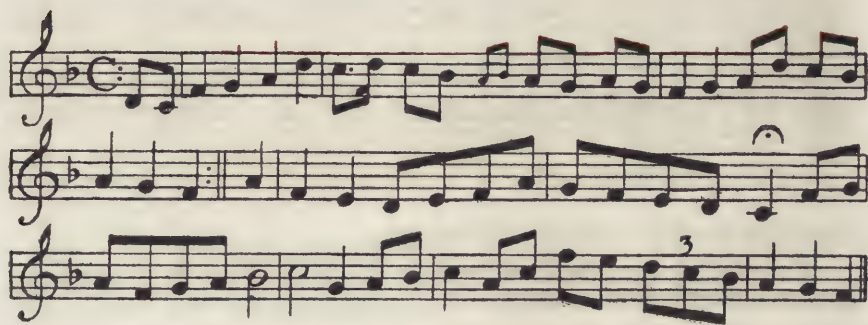
That where he should he straight may go,

To sulk with rogues in Jericho!

With a fa la, &c.

## POPE AND SULTAN.

Words Translated by Charles Lever from German,  
18th Century. Air: 'Venus and Adonis.'  
Surrey Traditional.



The Pope he leads a happy life;  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
He fears not married care nor strife;  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine:  
I would the Pope's, Pope's, Pope's—  
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not his life—  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
He has not maid, nor blooming wife;  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
Nor child has he to raise his hope—  
I would not wish, wish, wish—  
I would not wish to be the Pope.



The Sultan better pleases me,  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
His is a life of jollity;  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
His wives are many as he will—  
I would the Sultan's, Sultan's, Sultan's—  
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man;  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
He must obey his Al-Koran,  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
And dare not drink one drop of wine—  
I would not change, change, change—  
I would not change his lot for mine.

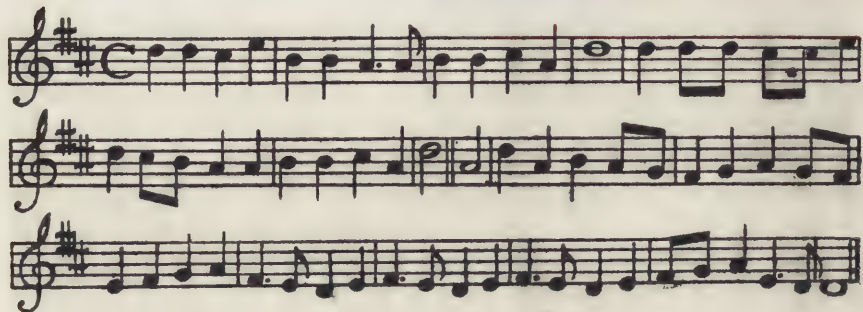
So then I'll hold my lowly stand,  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
And live in German Vaterland;  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,  
And drink the best, best, best—  
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
I'll think that I the Sultan be;  
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down day.)  
And when my cheery glass I tope,  
I'll fancy then, then, then—  
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

COLD'S THE WIND AND WET'S THE RAIN.

Words by Thos. Dekker. 1600.

Air: 'The Cobbler's Jig.' 1622.



Cold's the wind and wet's the rain;  
Saint Hugh be our good speed!  
Ill is the weather that brings no gain,  
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Hey down a down, hey down a down;  
Hey derry derry down, a down!  
Ho! well done, to me let come,  
Ring compass, gentle joy!

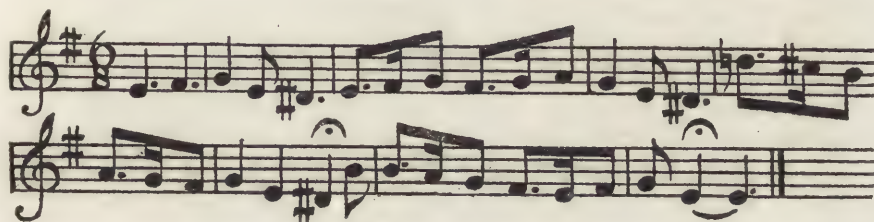
Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,  
And here, kind mate, to thee!  
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,  
And drown it merrily.

Hey down a down, hey down a down;  
Hey derry derry down, a down!  
Ho! well done, to me let come,  
Ring compass, gentle joy!



WE BE SOLDIERS THREE.

1609.



We be soldiers three,  
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,  
Lately come forth of the Low Country,  
With never a penny of money.

Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,  
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,  
To all good fellows wherever they be,  
With never a penny of money.

Fa la la la lantido dilly.

And he that will not pledge me this,  
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,  
Pays for the shot whatever it is,  
With never a penny of money.

Fa la la la lantido dilly.

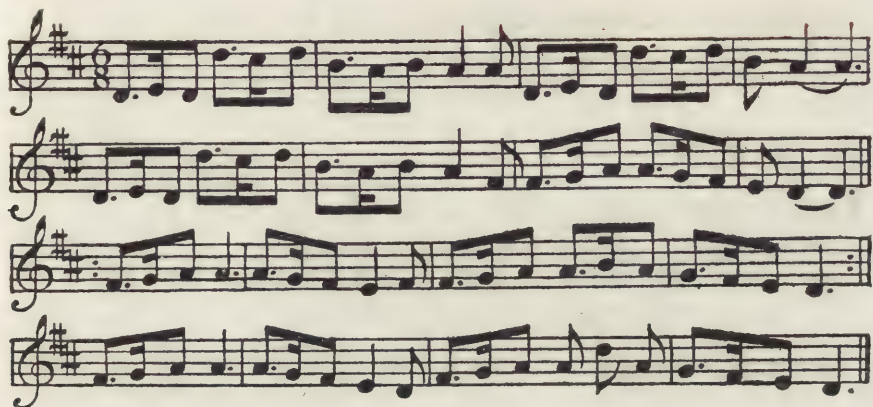
Charge it again, boy, charge it again,  
Pardona moy ie vous an pree;  
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,  
With never a penny of money.

Fa la la la lantido dilly.



## THE GENERAL TOAST.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan. 1777.  
From the 'School for Scandal.'  
Air: Attributed to Thos. Linley, the Elder.



Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen:  
Here's to the widow of fifty:  
Here's to the ffaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.  
Let the toast pass—  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass!

Let the toast pass—  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass!

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize:  
Now to the maid who has none, sir:  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow:  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:  
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And now to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

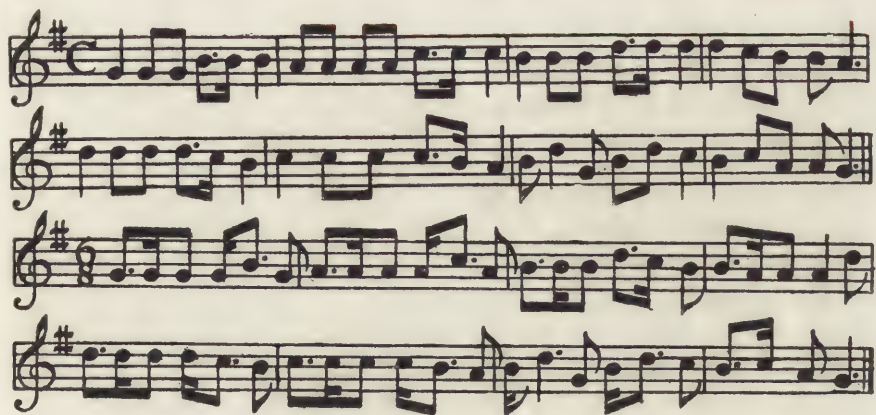
For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together.  
Let the toast pass—  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass!

Let the toast pass—  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass!



## HEER'S THEN A FULL CAROUSE.

Song from the Masque of Narcissus. 1602.  
Air adapted from "Cockles and Mussels."



Chorus. Heer's then a full carouse,  
Let it goe about the house,  
While wee doe carrye it thus—  
'Tis no great Labour.  
Heave it upp merilye,  
Let care and anger flye,  
A pinne for povertye!  
Drinke to your neighbour.

Those that are wise,  
Doe know that with spice  
God Bacchus his juyce  
Is wholesome and good.  
It comforts age,  
It refresheth the sage,  
It rebateth rage,  
And cheereth the bloud.  
Heer's then, &c.

Take it with quickness,  
'Tis phisicke for sicknes,  
It driveth the thicknes  
Of care from the harte;  
The vaynes that are empty  
It filleth with plenty,  
Not one amongst twenty  
But it easeth of smart.

Heer's then, &c.

Are you sadd?  
For fortune badd?  
And would be gladd  
As ever you were?  
If that a quaffe  
Doe not make you laffe,  
Then with a staffe  
Drive me out of dore.

Chorus. Heer's then a full carouse,  
Let it goe about the house,  
While wee doe carrye it thus—  
'Tis no great Labour.  
Heave it upp merilye,  
Let care and anger flye,  
A pinne for povertye!  
Drinke to your neighbour.



To tell you his merrits,  
Good thoughts it inherites,  
It raiseth the spirritts  
And quickens the witt;  
It peoples the veyns,  
It scourgeth the reynes,  
It purgeth the braines,  
And maks all things fitte.

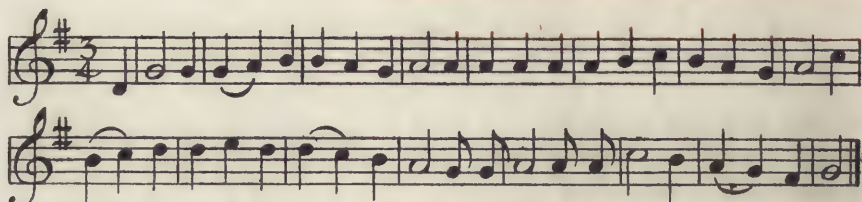
Heer's then, &c.

It makes a man bold,  
It keeps out the cold;  
He hath all things twice told  
Unto his comforte.  
Hee stands in the middle,  
The world, hey deri diddle,  
Goes round without a fiddle  
To make them sporte.

Chorus. Heer's then a full carouse,  
Let it goe about the house,  
While wee doe carrye it thus—  
'Tis no great Labour.  
Heave it upp merilye,  
Let care and anger flye,  
A pinne for povertye!  
Drinke to your neighbour.

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL.

Stow-on-the-Wold Traditional.



Wassail, wassail, all over the town,  
Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown;  
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree;  
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.

Here's to our horse, and to his right ear,  
God send our measter a happy new year;  
A happy new year as e'er he did see,  
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to our mare, and to her right eye,  
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie;  
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,  
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to our cow, and his merry long tail,  
God send us our measter us never may fail  
Of a cup of good beer, I pray you draw near,  
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Be here any maids? I suppose here be some;  
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold stone!  
Sing hey O, maids! come troll back the pin,  
And the fairest maid in the house let us all in.

Come, butler, come, bring us a bowl of the best;  
I hope your soul in heaven will rest;  
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,  
Then down fall butler and bowl and all.

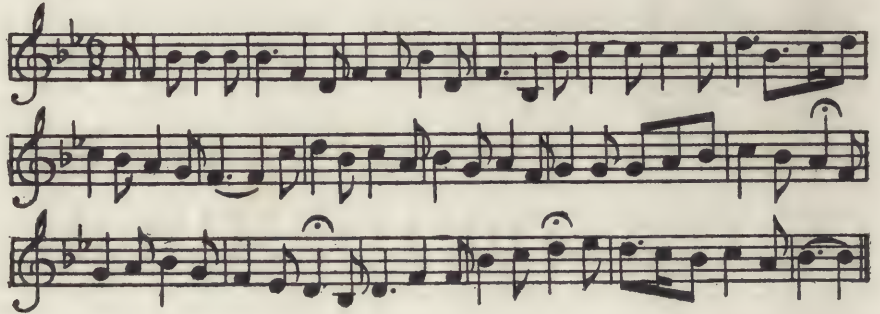




WORKSHOP SONGS  
OR SONGS OF THE  
CRAFTS, BEING  
THE EIGHTH  
PART OF THE SONG BOOK  
OF THE GUILD OF HANDI-  
CRAFT.

WHEN JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW.

Traditional.



There were some jolly good fellows  
Who met in an inn together,  
And they were birds of a feather,  
A ranting jovial crew;  
They called for drink in a desperate hurry,  
They called for whisky, they called for sherry,  
For anything that would make them merry,

When Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
When Joan's ale was new.

The first that came was a soldier,  
No captain e'er looked bolder;  
His fire-lock upon his shoulder,  
His bayonet he drew;  
"The French," quoth he, "are feared to fight—  
They know we keep our bay'nets bright,  
So let us spend a rousing night,

*While Joan's ale is new, brave boys!  
While Joan's ale is new.*

The next that came was a dyer,  
Who sat down by the fire,  
And no man could be dryer  
In any jovial crew.  
He told the landlord to his face  
The chimney-corner would be his place,  
And there he'd sit and dye his face,

*When Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
When Joan's ale was new.*

The next that came was a hatter,  
Who asked what was the matter;  
He scorned to drink cold water  
In such a jovial crew.



He downed his hat upon the ground,  
And swore each man must spend his pound,  
Then passed the bottle round and round,

*When Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
When Joan's ale was new.*

Next came a tailor nimble,  
With lap-board, shears, and thimble;  
And oh, how he did tremble  
Amongst that jovial crew!  
They made him pay for drink and smoke,  
Until poor snip was fairly broke,  
And he was forced to pawn his cloak,

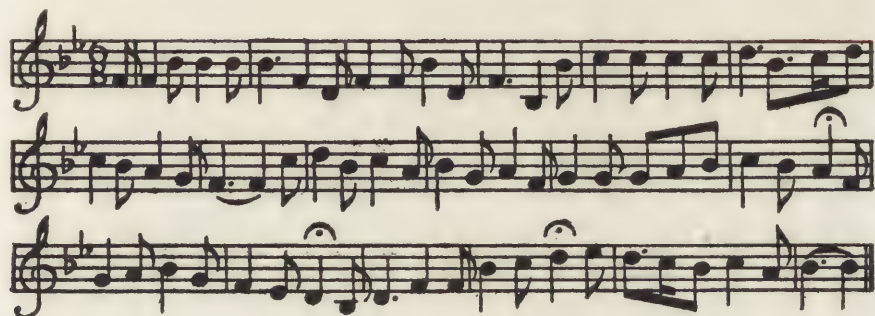
*When Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
When Joan's ale was new.*

The next that came was a tinker,  
And he was no small-ale drinker;  
He scorned to be a shrinker  
'Mid such a jovial crew;  
He had rivets made of goodly metal,  
And said for nothing he'd mend the kettle,  
And what he drank he swore he'd settle,

*When Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
When Joan's ale was new.*

## JOAN'S ALE AT THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

Words by C. R. Ashbee. 1899.  
Air: "When Joan's Ale was new."



### Old Verse:

The first that came was a mason,  
The first that came was a mason,  
There ne'er was one could face 'n;  
Among that jovial crew.  
He dashed his trowel against the wall,  
And wished the church and tower would fall,  
That there might then be work for all,  
When Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
When Joan's ale was new.

The next was a metal worker,  
(The next was a metal worker,)  
And as he was no time shirker  
He joined the jovial crew.  
His silver was choice, his talk was tall:  
"May the Guild make us artists" he gave as his call,  
"God save us!" cried the others all,  
While Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
While Joan's ale was new.

The next was a cabinetmaker,  
(The next was a cabinetmaker,)  
The cleverest glue pot faker  
Among all that jovial crew.  
He'd make you a table or do up a chair,  
But since wages, as usual, were very unfair,  
He gave them his views—and he'd plenty to spare!  
While Joan's ale was new, brave boys!  
While Joan's ale was new.

The next he was a smith, sir,  
(The next he was a smith, sir,)  
And his words were full of pith, sir,  
As he joined the jovial crew.



For "Ho!" said he, "if ye listen to me,  
When the timber trusses no more agree,  
Then stout wrought iron shall tie the tree,

While Joan's ale is new, brave boys!  
While Joan's ale is new."

The last he was a printer,

(The last he was a printer,)

And were it summer or winter

He must join the jovial crew.

Said he, "The printer's worth his pay,  
Especially if he come Kelmescott way"—

So he set up his Chapel and came to stay,

While Joan's ale was new, brave boys!

While Joan's ale was new.

So they clinked their cans together,

They clinked their cans together,

They clinked their cans together,

Did all that jovial crew.

And they toasted a toast "Good luck to the Guild"—

To plane, to hammer, to print, to build—

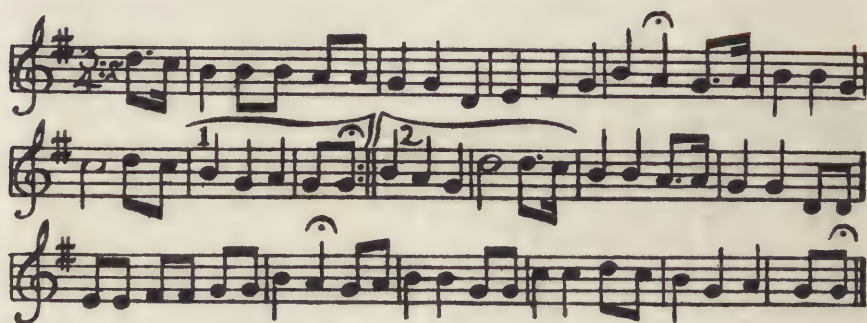
So may our cans keep ever filled,

While Joan's ale is new, brave boys!

While Joan's ale is new.

# TWANKY DILLO.

Sussex Traditional.



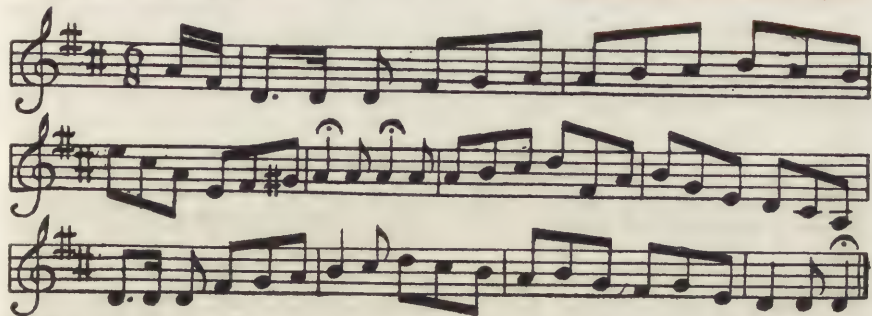
Here's a health to the jolly blacksmith, the best of all fellows,  
 Who works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows;  
 Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall.  
 Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,  
 Twanky dillo, Twanky dillo, Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo.  
 A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.

If a gentleman calls his horse for to shoe,  
 He makes no denial of one pot or two,  
 For it makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall.  
 Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,  
 Twanky dillo, Twanky dillo, Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo.  
 And he that loves strong beer is a hearty good fellow.

Here's a health to King Charlie and likewise his queen,  
 And to all the royal little ones where'er they are seen;  
 Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall.  
 Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,  
 Twanky dillo, Twanky dillo, Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo.  
 A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.

# GREEN BROOM.

Norfolk Traditional.



Ah! there was an old man, and he lived in the East,  
And his trade it was cutting o' broom, **green broom**;  
And he had a son, a lazy boy John,  
Who would lie a-bed till 'twas noon, 'twas noon,  
**Who would lie a-bed till 'twas noon, 'twas noon.**

His father came up to his bedroom one day,  
And swore he would fire the room, **the room**,  
If Jack did not rise, and sharpen the knives  
And go into the wood to cut broom, **green broom**,  
**And go into the wood to cut broom, green broom.**

Master Jack, being sly, he git up by and bye,  
And go into the town to cry broom, **green broom**;  
So loud did he call, and so loudly did bawl,  
"Pretty maids, do you want any broom, **green broom?**"  
**"Pretty maids, do you want any broom, green broom?"**

A lady looked out of her lattice so high,  
And spied Jack a-crying o' broom, **green broom**;  
Says she, "You young blade, won't you give up your trade,  
And marry a maid in full bloom, **full bloom?**"  
**And marry a maid in full bloom, full bloom?"**

So they sent for the parson, without more delay,  
And married they was in the room, **the room**;  
There was eating and drink, and a kiss when you please,  
"Says Jack, "This is better than cutting o' broom."  
**This is better than cutting o' broom, green broom.**

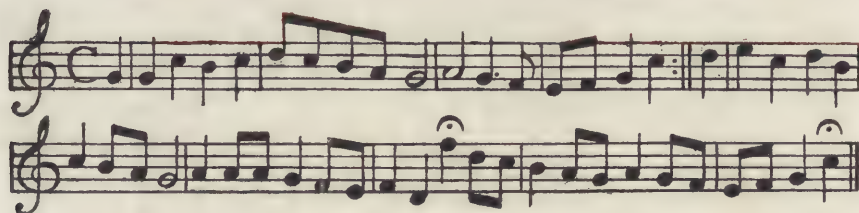


## THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN'S SONG.

To his memory.

Words by C. R. Ashbee.

Air: 'To All You Ladies.' 1664.



They came to my 'prentice one summer eve,  
In a world with the weight of things opprest,  
And they said: "Let us labour and make believe,  
For loveless toil is toil that is blest;  
Here's a block to cut, and a skein to reive,  
A glass to tint, and a web to weave."  
But he asked: "Shall I weave if the colour flies?"  
"What matter? The world is attuned to lies!"

Chorus. What would you have my 'prentice do?  
Why, do as the master craftsman did!  
For the master craftsman wove it true.

They brought him a book with a famous name,  
Puffed and postered in letters of flame,  
With paper that rent and type that curled—  
And a circulation all over the world.

And they said to my 'prentice: "Print this lie—  
'Tis the work of a master, it cannot die."  
And he asked: "Is it worthy the master's name?"  
"Oh print it, print it, all the same!"

Chorus. What would you have, &c.  
For the master craftsman printed it true.

They showed him a church he had never seen,  
In an English valley of flowers and green,  
With a storied arcade, and a belfried spire,  
And carven heroes at rest in the choir.  
And they said to my 'prentice: "Here's to do,  
Make it more like what it ought to have been."  
And he asked: "Which age shall I fashion it to?  
A lie is a lie, be it old or new!"

Chorus. What would you have, &c.  
For the master craftsman left it true.

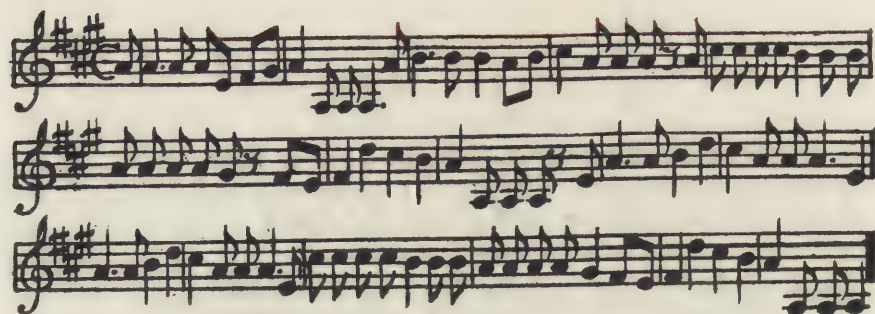
They came to my 'prentice and brought him things,  
Thousands of useless things—Ah me!  
And they said as they set him his task: "Each brings  
Honour and comfort and industry.  
Love but the life we apportion to thee,  
And speak the lie that proclaims it true."  
But he asked for one beautiful thing to do—  
"And a crust of bread were enough," said he.

Chorus. What would you have my 'prentice do?  
Why, do as the master craftsman did!  
He spake and he lived and he laboured true!

## THE GUILD'S THREE 'PRENTICES.

Words by C. R. Ashbee.

Air: 'King Arthur had Three Sons.' Lancashire Traditional.



Oh! the Guild it had three 'prentices,  
Cute lads as you shall know;  
And they did the most extra-ordinary things  
As ever was done in Bow!

Chorus. Oh! As ever was done in Bow,  
As ever was done in Bow;  
And they did the most extra-ordinary things  
As ever was done in Bow!



Oh! the first he hammered the metal;  
The second could model, too;  
And the third he was a little joiner  
Who could stick bad joints with glue!

Chorus. Who! Could stick bad joints with glue,  
Who could stick bad joints with glue;  
The third he was a little joiner  
Who could stick bad joints with glue!

But the first got drowned in his pitch;  
The second got baked in his clay;  
And the third made a cupboard for a customer,  
But all the joints gave way!

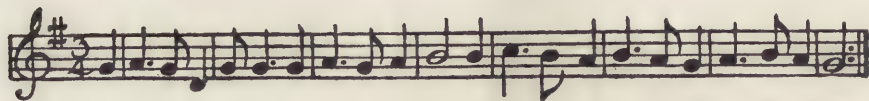
Chorus. Eh! But all the joints gave way,  
But all the joints gave way;  
The third made a cupboard for a customer,  
But all the joints gave way!

Then the Guild had a solemn Committee,  
And it talked till it was blue;  
It abolished the clay, it abolished the pitch,  
It abolished the glue pot, too!

Chorus. Ooh! It abolished the glue pot, too,  
It abolished the glue pot, too;  
It abolished the clay, it abolished the pitch,  
It abolished the glue pot, too!

WHO LIVETH SO MERRY IN ALL THIS LAND.

1609.



Who liveth so merry in all this land  
As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand?

Chorus. And ever she singeth, as I can guess:  
"Wilt buy any sand, any sand, mistress?"

The broom~man maketh his living most sweet  
With carrying brooms from street to street:

Chorus. Who would desire a pleasanter thing  
Than all day long doing nothing but sing?

The chimney~sweeper all the long day  
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:

Chorus. Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,  
With his sweet wife he maketh himself full merry.

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,  
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done:

Chorus. Yet doth he not fear, and so doth he say;  
For he knows his work will soon decay.

The merchant-man doth sail on the seas,  
And lie on the ship-board with little ease:

Chorus. Always in doubt the rock is near,  
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The husbandman all day goeth to plough,  
And when he comes back he serveth his sow:

Chorus. He moileth, and moileth, all the long year,  
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The serving-man waiteth from street to street,  
With blowing his nails and beating his feet:

Chorus. And serveth for forty shillings a year,  
That 'tis impossible to make good cheer.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport  
As those that be of the poorest sort?

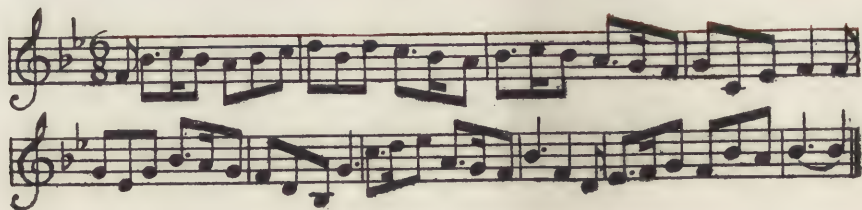
Chorus. The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,  
They gather together by one, two, and three.



## THE SONG OF THE BLACKSMITH.

Words attributed to Dr. James Smith. 1656.

Air "The Roast Beef of Old England," by R. Leveridge.



Of all the trades that ever I see  
There's none to the Blacksmith compared may be,  
With so many several tools works he,

Which nobody can deny,  
Which nobody can deny.

The first that ever music made  
Was Tubal of the Blacksmith's trade,  
By hammering strokes as it was said.

Which nobody, &c.

The fairest goddess of the skies  
To marry with Vulcan did advise,  
And he was a Blacksmith grave and wise.

Which nobody, &c.

Vulcan he to do her right  
Did build her a town by day and by night,  
And gave it a name which was Hammersmith hight.

Which nobody, &c.

And that no enemy might wrong her,  
He built her a fort—you'd wish no stronger—  
Which was in the lane of Ironmonger.

Which nobody, &c.

Smithfield he did cleanse from durt,  
And sure there was great reason for't,  
For there he meant she should keep her Court.

*Which nobody, &c.*

The Common Proverb as it is read,  
That a man must hit the naile on the head,  
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Another must not be forgot,  
And falls unto the Blacksmith's lot:  
That a man must strike while the Iron is hot.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Another comes in most proper and fit,  
The Blacksmith's justice is seen in it:  
When you give a man roast and beat him with the spit.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Another comes in our Blacksmith's way:  
When things are safe, as old wives say,  
We have them under lock and key.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Another that's in the Blacksmith's books,  
And only to him for remedy looks,  
Is when a man's quite off the hooks.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Another proverb to him doth belong,  
And therefore let's do the Blacksmith no wrong,  
When a man's held to it buckle and thong.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Another proverb doth make me laugh,  
Wherein the Blacksmith may challenge half,  
When a reason's as plain as a Pike Staff.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,  
And by long pleading a good cause may mar,  
Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the Bar.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Though your Scrivener seek to crush and kill  
By his counterfeit deed, and thereby doth ill,  
Yet your Blacksmith may forge what he will—

*Which nobody, &c.*

Though your bankrupt citizens lurk in their holes,  
And laugh at their Creditors and their Catchpoles,  
Yet your Blacksmith can fetch them over the coals.

*Which nobody, &c.*

If a scollar be in doubt,  
And cannot well bring his matter about,  
The Blacksmith he can hammer it out.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Now if to know him you would desire,  
You must not scorn, but rank him higher,  
For what he gets is out of the fire.

*Which nobody, &c.*

Now here's a good health to Blacksmiths all;  
And let it go round, as round as a ball:  
We'll drink it all off, though it cost us a fall.

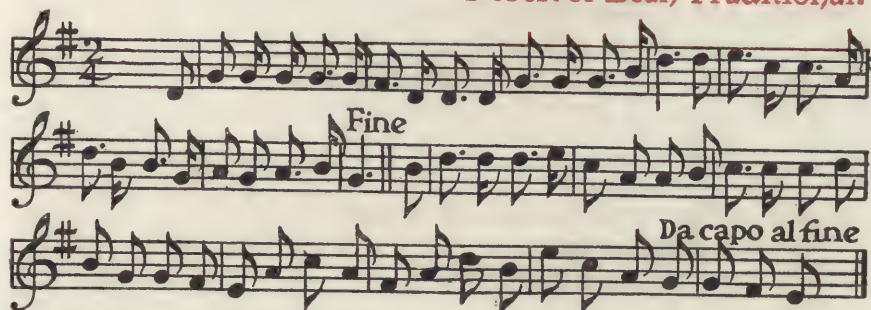
*Which nobody can deny,*

*Which nobody can deny.*



# THE JOVIAL FORESTERS.

Forest of Dean Traditional.



We are the Jovial Foresters,  
 Our trade is getting coal,  
 You never knew a Forester  
 But was a hearty soul;  
 Tho' black we are when at our work,  
 You'd take us for some smoking Turk,  
 When that is done, we're ripe for fun,  
 To laugh and chat with any one.

For we are the Jovial Foresters,  
 Our trade is getting coal,  
 You never knew a Forester  
 But was a hearty soul.

Among mankind there miners are  
 Of every degree,  
 But he who undermines his friend,  
 Is far more black than we;  
 He's black at heart you need not doubt,  
 And that's a stain will ne'er wash out,  
 But we are true to Church and King,  
 Therefore let us merrily sing:

For we are the Jovial Foresters, &c.

As to the Church it must be owned,  
 To that we are no foes,

For while we undermine the Dean,  
We warm the Bishop's nose;  
In vain may Chloe turn the spit,  
Nor could the cook your fancy hit,  
Nor for the Mayor, the feast prepare,  
Were it not for the toil and care.

Of us the Jovial Foresters, &c.

The Courtier undermines the State,  
As to the Doctor he  
Your constitution undermines  
But to prolong his fee.  
The Lawyer undermines your purse,  
But none of them can work like us,  
For we are bent with the full intent  
To warm the heart and give content.

For we are Jovial Foresters, &c.

To raise the coal is all our aim,  
For that the Soldier fights,  
For that the Player acts his part,  
For that the Poet writes,  
For that the Barrister doth plead,  
For that the Ladies give their aid,  
The Parson prays—the coal to raise,  
We're Colliers all in different ways.

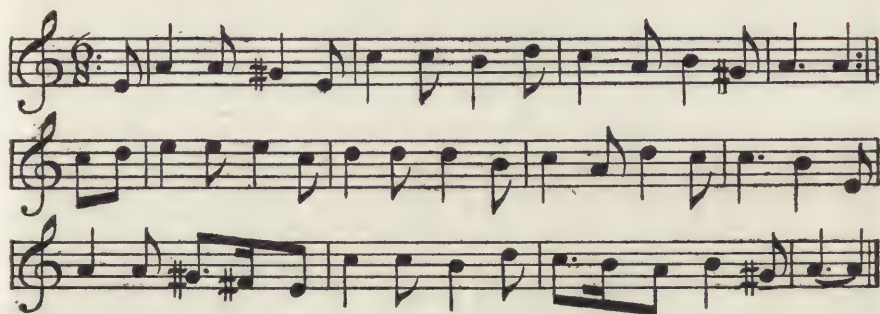
But we are the Jovial Foresters, &c.

To Foresters then drink a health,  
Wherever they may be,  
For they are the lads who free from care  
Through life jog merrily.  
May plenty reign throughout their land,  
That bread they may have at their command,  
And this I think, while you've the chink,  
You never will refuse to drink

To us the Jovial Foresters, &c.

# THE JOLLY MILLER.

Traditional.



There was a jolly miller once  
Lived on the River Dee;  
He worked and sang from morn till night,  
No lark so blythe as he.  
And this the burden of his song  
Forever used to be:

I care for nobody, no, not I,  
And nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, she is to me  
Like parent, child, and wife;  
I would not change my station  
For any other in life.  
No lawyer, surgeon, doctor ever  
Had a groat from me;

I care for nobody, no, not I,  
And nobody cares for me.



# CORIDON'S SONG, OR THE CRAFT OF THE COUNTRYMAN.

Words by Jo. Chalkhill in Walton's 'Compleat Angler.'

Air by Janet E. Ashbee.



Oh, the sweet contentment the countryman doth find!  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
That quiet contemplation possesseth all my mind:  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

For courts are full of flattery, as hath too oft been tried,  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
The city full of wantonness, and both are full of pride,  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

But oh! the honest countryman speaks truly from his heart,  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
His pride is in his tillage, his horses and his cart,  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

Our clothing is good sheepskins, grey russet for our wives,  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
'Tis warmth & not gay clothing that doth prolong our lives,  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

The ploughman, tho' he labours hard, yet on the holiday,  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
No emperor so merrily does pass his time away,  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

To recompense our tillage the heavens afford us showers,  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
And for our sweet refreshments the earth affords us bowers,  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

The cuckoo and the nightingale full merrily do sing,  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
And with their pleasant roundelays bid welcome to the  
spring,  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

This is not half the happiness the countryman enjoys,  
Heigh trollie lollie loe, Heigh trollie lollie lee;  
Tho' others think they have as much, yet he that says so, lies,  
Then care away, and wend along with me!  
Then care away, and wend along with me!

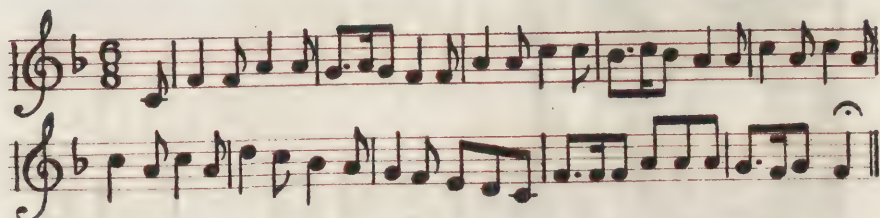




SONGS OF COM-  
RADESHIP, LOVE,  
& COURTSHIP,  
BEING THE  
NINTH PART OF THE SONG  
BOOK OF THE GUILD OF  
HANDICRAFT.

# YOUNG HERCHARD.

Somersetshire.  
Traditional.



One Zunday morn, as I've heerd zay,  
Young Herchard mounted his Dobbin Gray,  
And over the hills he rode ameeun,  
A coortin' the passon's daughter Jeeun.

*With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.*

Young Herchard had on his Zunday claws,  
His buckskin breeches and silken hose,  
A brand new hat upon his head  
As were bedecked wi' ribbon so red.

*With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.*

Young Herchard, he rode without any fear  
Till he came to the whoam of his own sweet dear;  
He up and he shouted, 'Hullo, hullo!  
Be the volks at whoam? zay ees or noo.'

*With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.*

The servants quickly let Dick in,  
So that his coortin' might begin;  
And when he got inside the Hall,  
He loudly for Meess Jeeun did bawl.

*With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.*

Meess Jeeun came down without delay,  
To see what Herchard had got fûr to zay;  
He says, 'Ah suppose ye do knaw, Meess Jeeun,  
That Oi be Herchard o' Taunton Deeun?'

*With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.*

'Oi'm an honest lad though Oi be poor,  
And Oi never was in love avoor;  
But féyther he've sent Oi out fûr to woo,  
And Oi can't vancy noan but you.'  
With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.

'If I consent to be your bride,  
Pray how fôr me will you provide?'  
'Oi'll gave you all Oi have, Oi'm zhure,  
What can a poor yellow do fûr ye more?'  
With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.

'Fur Oi can reap and Oi can zow,  
And Oi can plough and Oi can hoe;  
Oi goes to market wi' vather's hay,  
And earns me ninepence every day.'  
With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.

'Ninepence a day would never do,  
For I must have silks and satins too;  
'Twill ne'er be enough fôr you and I.'  
'O coom,' says Herchard, 'Us can but troi.'  
With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.

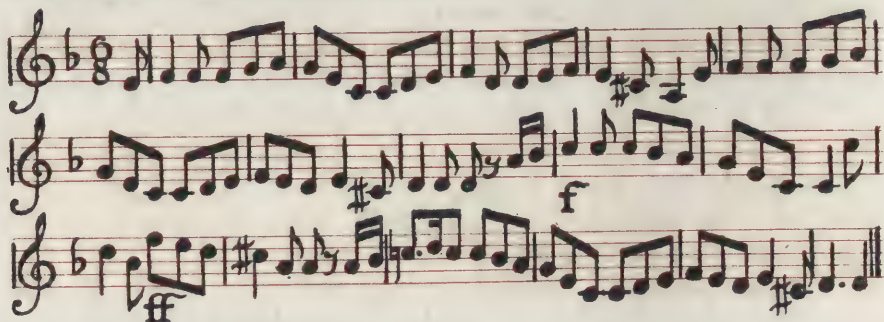
'Fur Oi've a pig poked up in a stoi,  
As'll coom to us when granny do doi;  
And if you'll conzent fûr to marry me now,  
Whoi vather he'll give us his voin vat zow.'  
With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.

Dick's compliments were zo polite,  
He won Mees Jeeun avoor it were night;  
An' when he'd got no moor fûr to zay,  
Whoi he gee'd her a kiss, and he coom'd away.  
With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.



MY LADY GREENSLEEVES.

1580.



Alas, my love, you do me wrong,  
To cast me off discourteously,  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your company.

For oh, Greensleeves was all my joy! And oh, Greensleeves  
was my delight! And oh, Greensleeves was my heart of gold!  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves!

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,  
That were wrought fine and gallantly,  
I kept thee both at board and bed  
Which cost my purse well favoredly.

For oh, Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,  
The cloth so fine as might be;  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest:  
And all this cost I spent on thee.

For oh, Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,  
With gold embroidered gorgeously;  
Thy pettycoat of sendal right,  
And these I bought thee gladly.

For oh, Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!

God I pray to prosper thee!

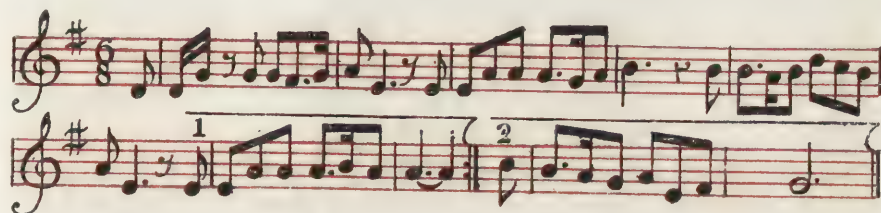
For I am still thy lover true:

Come once again and love me!

For oh, Greensleeves was all my joy! And oh, Greensleeves  
was my delight! And oh, Greensleeves was my heart of gold!  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves!

# SALLY GRAY.

Words by R. Anderson, 1802.  
Air: Cumberland. Traditional.



Come, Davie, I'll tell thee a secret,  
But thou must lock't up i' thee breast,  
I wuddn't for aw Dalston parish  
It com to the ears o' the rest;  
Now I'll hod te a bit of a weager,  
A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,  
Thou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',  
And nobbut keep off Sally Gray.

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,  
Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,  
And mony mair cums i' the county,  
But nin wi' Cumdivock can match;  
It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture  
Wi' the fells abuin aw, far away:  
There is nee sic a place nit in England,  
For there lives the sweet Sally Gray.

I was sebenteen last Collop Monday,  
And she's just the varra same yage,  
For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,  
I'd freely give up a year's wage;  
For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin',  
And singin' about Jemmy Gay,  
I keek by the hay-stack and listen,  
For wain wad I see Sally Gray.

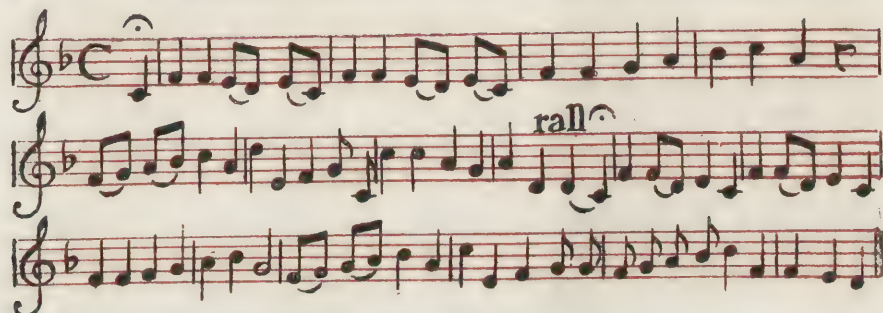


O wad I but lword o' the manor,  
 A nabob or parliament man,  
 What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,  
 Wad she nobbet gi' me her han'?  
 A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,  
 And gar fwolk stan' out o' the way,  
 Then I'd loup up behint like a footman,  
 O the worl' for my sweet Sally Gray.

They may brag o' their fēyne Carel Lasses,  
 Their fēathers, their durtment, and leace;  
 God help them! peer deeth liuken bodies,  
 Widout a bit reed i' their fēace.  
 But Sally's just like allybaster,  
 Her cheeks are twee roosebuds in May;  
 O lad! I cou'd stan' here fōr ever,  
 And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

TWENTY EIGHTEEN.

Norfolk. Traditional.



"Ho! yonder stands a charming creature,  
 Who she is I do not know;  
 I'll go and court her for her beauty,  
 Until she do say yes or no.

Twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen,  
 Twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, nought;  
 Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen,  
 Eleven, nine and seven, five, three and one.



"Ho! madam, I am come for to court you,  
If your favour I may gain;  
And if you will entertain me  
Perhaps I may come this way again.

Twenty, eighteen, &c.

"Ho! madam I have rings and jewels,  
Madam, I have house and land,  
Madam, I have wealth of treasures,  
All shall be at your command."

Twenty, eighteen, &c.

"Ho! what care I for your rings and jewels?  
What care I for your house and land?  
What care I for your wealth of treasure?  
All I want is a handsome man.

Twenty, eighteen, &c.

"Ho! first come cowslips and then come daisies,  
First comes night and then comes day;  
First comes the new love, and then comes the old one  
And so we pass our time away.

Twenty, eighteen, &c.

"Ho! the ripest apple is the soonest rotten,  
The hottest love is the soonest cold;  
Lovers' vows are soon forgotten,  
So I pray, young man, be not too bold."

Twenty, eighteen, &c.

# ALL ROUND MY HAT.

1830.



All round my hat I will wear a green willow,  
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;  
If anybody asks me the reason why I wear it,  
It's all because my true love is far, far away.

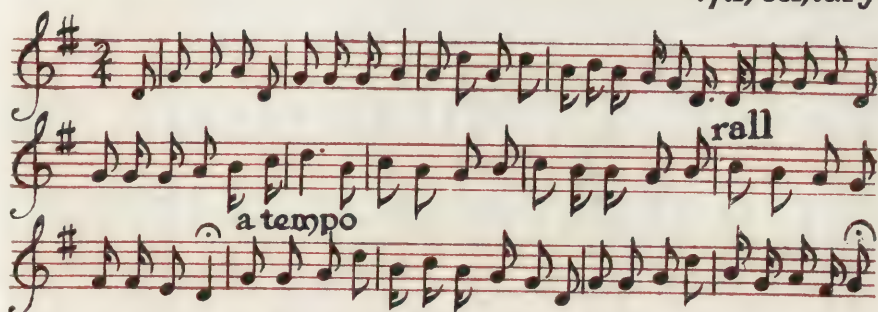
My love she was fair, and my love she was kind, too,  
And many were the happy hours between my love & me;  
I never could refuse her whatever she'd a mind to,  
But now she's far away, far across the stormy sea.

O will my love be true, and will my love be faithful?  
Or will she find another swain to court her where she's gone?  
The men will all run after her, so pretty and so graceful,  
And perhaps she may forget me, lamenting all alone.

So all round my hat I will wear a green willow,  
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;  
If anybody asks me the reason why I wear it,  
It's all because my true love is far, far away.

# STRAWBERRY FAIR.

Devonshire. Traditional.  
17th century.



As I was going to Strawberry Fair,  
Singing, singing, Buttercups and Daisies,  
I met a maiden taking her ware,  
Her eyes were blue and golden her hair,  
As she went on to Strawberry Fair,  
Ri-föl, Ri-föl, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,  
Ri-föl, Ri-föl, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

Fol-de-dee!

"Kind Sir, pray pick of my basket!" she said Singing, etc.  
"My cherries ripe, or my roses red, Fol-de-dee!  
My strawberries sweet, I can of them spare,  
As I go on to Strawberry Fair." Ri-föl, etc.

"Your cherries soon will be wasted away, Singing, etc.  
Your roses wither and never stay, Fol-de-dee!  
'Tis not to seek such perishing ware,  
That I am tramping to Strawberry Fair. Ri-föl, etc.

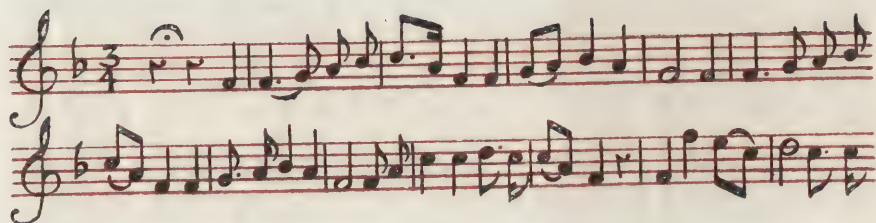
I want to purchase a generous heart, Singing, etc.  
A tongue that neither is nimble nor tart, Fol-de-dee!  
An honest mind, but such trifles are rare,  
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair. Ri-föl, etc.

The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid Singing, etc.  
A ring of gold on your finger displayed, Fol-de-dee!  
So come make over to me your ware,  
In church to-day at Strawberry Fair." Ri-föl, etc.



# HIGH GERMANY.

Watford. Traditional.



As I was a walking, a walking along,  
 I heard two lovers talking and singing of a song.  
 Said the young one to the fair one, "Dearest this way!  
 For the king he has commanded us, & his orders we must obey."  
 "It's do not me forsake,  
 But pity on me take,  
 For great is my woe!  
 And through France, Scotland and Ireland  
 with thee, my love, I'll go."

"O love you are too venturesome to risk your precious life;  
 You cannot go along with me although you are my wife;  
 The rough roads & the rugged rocks your tender feet would wound,  
 And foes they would molest you and beset you all around.  
 And O 'twould never yield  
 To lie in the open field  
 All the night lang,  
 And your friends then would be angry  
 if with me that you should gang."

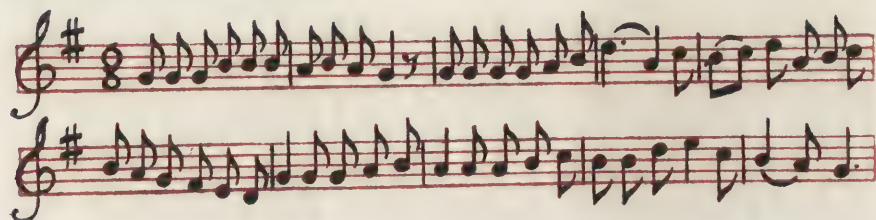


"O, my friends I do not value, and my foes I do not fear,  
But along with my valiant soldier I'll travel far and near;  
That no one may molest me, I'll wear a soldier's suit,  
And march with my dear husband in a regiment of foot;  
    With William at my side,  
    All hardships I'll deride,  
    And always be gay;  
And with songs and merry stories  
    beguile the weary way."

"Yes, you shall march and beat a drum; and when the  
    trumpet sounds  
In battle to your side I'll come & shelter you from wounds.  
All dangers we will share, my love, as hand in hand we go;  
And that you are so fair, my love, no man shall ever know:  
    So dearest, dry your tears  
    And banish all your fears  
    Sure as man and wife we be,  
You shall hear the drums and the trumpets sound  
    in the wars of High Germany."

# ROBIN A THRUSH.

Suffolk. Traditional.



Robin he married a wife in the West,  
 Moppety, moppety, mono,  
 And she turned out to be none of the best,  
 With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,  
 Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.

When she rises she gets up in haste,  
 Moppety, moppety, mono.  
 And flies to the cupboard before she is laced,  
 With a high, etc.

She sweeps her rooms but once a year,  
 Moppety, moppety, mono,  
 Because she says the brooms are so dear,  
 With a high, &c.

She milks her cows but once a week,  
 Moppety, moppety, mono,  
 And that's what makes her butter so sweet,  
 With a high, &c.

When she churns she churns in a boot,  
 Moppety, moppety, mono,  
 And instead of a cruddle she puts in her foot,  
 With a high, &c.

She puts her cheese upon the shelf,  
 Moppety, moppety, mono,  
 And leaves it to turn till it turns of itself,  
 With a high, &c.

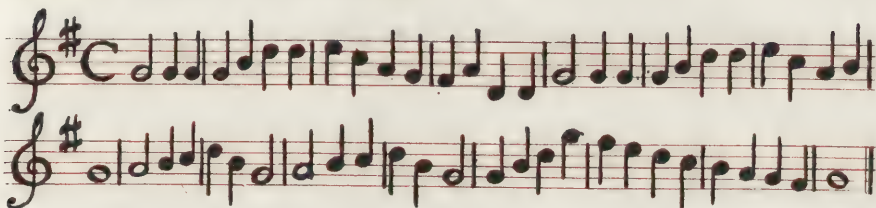


It turned of itself and fell on the ffloor,  
Moppety, moppety, mono,  
Got up on its feet and ran out of the door,  
With a high, &c.

It ran till it came to Wakefield Cross,  
Moppety, moppety, mono,  
And she followed after upon a white horse,  
With a high, &c.

This song was made for gentlemen,  
Moppety, moppety, mono,  
If you want any more you must sing it again.  
With a high, &c.

#### EARLY ONE MORNING.



Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,  
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:

"Oh, don't deceive me! oh, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

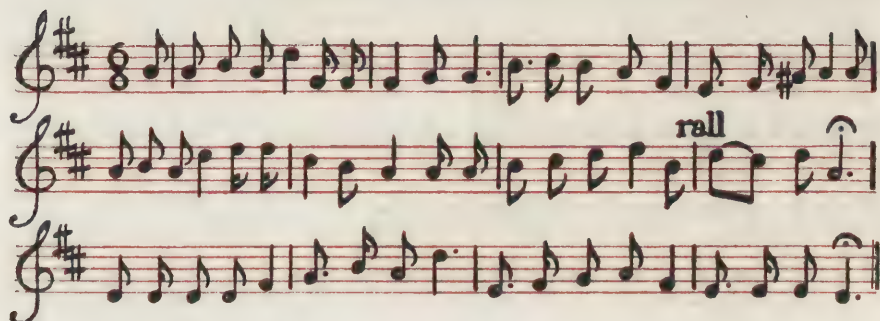
Oh, gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses,  
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow,  
Oh, don't deceive me! &c.

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,  
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.  
Oh, don't deceive me! &c.

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,  
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:  
"Oh, don't deceive me! &c.

# THE WITTY SHEPHERD.

West Country.



A shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high,  
 Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee.  
 A shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high,  
 When there came a fair lady riding by,  
 Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee,  
 Lankey down dillo, lankey down dee.

"O shepherd say why is thy face so sad?"  
 Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee.  
 "O shepherd say why is thy face so sad?"  
 "My fair pretty maid wilt thou make me glad?"  
 Lankey down dillo, &c.

The lady she leaped from her dapple down,  
 Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee,  
 The lady she leaped from her dapple down,  
 She sat her beside him all on the green ground,  
 Lankey down dillo, &c.

"O sweet are thy words, pretty lad, to me,  
Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee,  
"O sweet are thy words, pretty lad, to me,  
"So tell me thy name in the West Countree."  
Lankey down dillo, &c.

"My name, honey lady, is Sadly Rue,  
Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee,  
"My name, honey lady, is Sadly Rue,"  
He took off his cap and he bade her adieu,  
Lankey down dillo, &c.

"O where is the lad they call Sadly Rue?  
Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee,  
"O where is the lad they call Sadly Rue?  
"I find that his words they have come full true."  
Lankey down dillo, &c.

"For twenty-five years I have walked this plain,  
Lankey down dillo, Lankey down dee,  
"For twenty-five years I have walked this plain,  
"And never in all have I heard the name.  
Lankey down dillo, &c.

"But Sadly Rue is the word of dree,  
Lankey down dillo, &c.  
"But Sadly Rue is the word of dree  
"For the lady who talks with a lad too free."  
Lankey down dillo, &c.

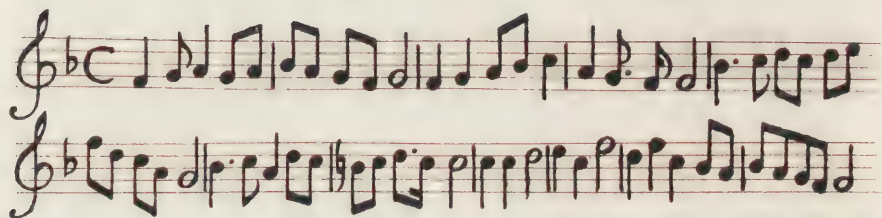


TELL ME DEAREST.

From THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Air: "My mind to me a kingdom is."



Jasper. Tell me dearest what is love?

Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above;  
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,  
'Tis a boy they call Desire;  
'Tis a smile  
Doth beguile

Jasper. The poor hearts of them that prove.

Jasper. Tell me more, are women true?

Luce. Some love change, and so do you.

Jasper. Are they fair and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.

Jasper. Are they forward?

Luce. Ever toward  
Those that love, to love anew.

## THE OXFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Late 17th Century.



Near Woodstock town in Oxfordshire,  
As I walked forth to take the air,  
To view the fields and meadows round,  
Methought I heard a doleful sound.

Down by a crystal river side,  
A gallant bower I espied,  
Where a fair lady made great moan,  
With many a bitter sigh and groan.

"Alas!" quoth she, "my love's unkind,  
My sighs and tears he will not mind;  
But he is cruel unto me,  
Which causes all my misery.

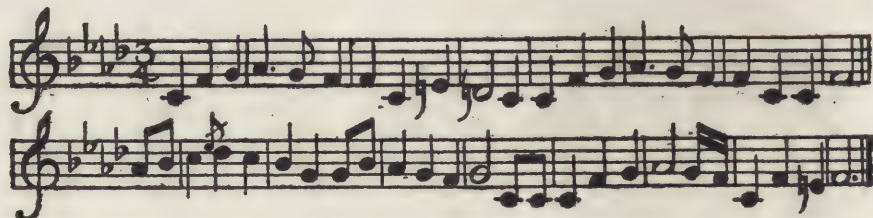
"Soon after he had gained my heart,  
He cruelly did from me part;  
Another maid he does pursue,  
And to his vows he bids adieu."

The lady round the meadow ran,  
And gathered flowers as they sprang;  
Of every sort she there did pull,  
Until she got her apron full.

The green ground served as a bed,  
And flowers a pillow for her head;  
She laid her down and nothing spoke,  
Alas! for love her heart was broke.

## WHERE HAST THOU BEEN TO-DAY?

Traditional.



"Where hast thou been to-day,  
Jacky, my son?  
Where hast thou been to-day,  
My honey man?"  
"I have been a-courting, mother;  
O! make my bed soon;  
For that I'm sick to heart, mother,  
Fain would lie down."

"Where shall I make it to,  
Jacky, my son?  
Where shall I make it to,  
My honey man?"  
"Lowly in the churchyard, mother;  
O! make my bed soon;  
For that I'm sick to heart, mother,  
Fain would lie down."

"What didst thou eat this day,  
Jacky, my son?  
What didst thou eat this day,  
Jacky, my son?"  
"Nothing but a little fish;  
O! make my bed soon;  
For that I'm sick to heart, mother,  
Fain would lie down."



"Who gave the fish to thee,  
Jacky, my son?

Who gave the fish to thee,  
Jacky, my son?"

"'Twas my pretty sweetheart, mother;

O! make my bed soon;  
For that I'm sick to heart, mother,  
Fain would lie down."

"What wilt thou leave thy mother,  
Jacky, my son?

What wilt thou leave thy mother,  
Jacky, my son?"

"All my money I leave thee, mother;

O! make my bed soon;  
For that I'm sick to heart, mother,  
Fain would lie down."

"What wilt thou leave thy father,  
Jacky, my son?

What wilt thou leave thy father,  
Jacky, my son?"

"All my land I leave him, mother;

O! make my bed soon;  
For that I'm sick to heart, mother,  
Fain would lie down."

"What wilt thou leave thy sweetheart,  
Jacky, my son?

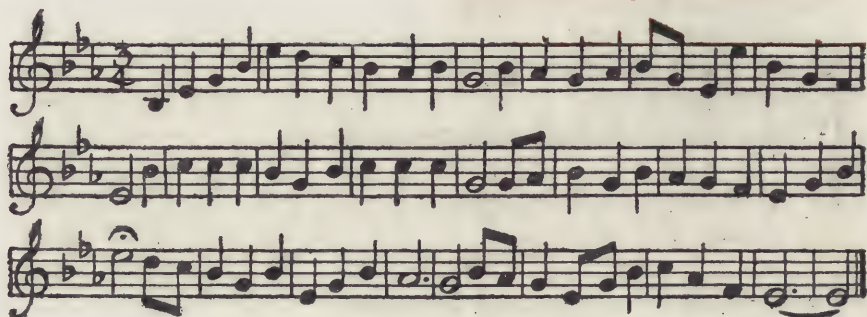
What wilt thou leave thy sweetheart,  
Jacky, my son?"

"Hempen rope to hang her, mother;

O! make my bed soon;  
For that I'm sick to heart, mother,  
Fain would lie down."

# I WOULD THAT THE WARS WERE WELL OVER.

18th Century Traditional.



In the meadow one morning when pearly with dew,  
A fair pretty maiden plucked violets blue;  
I heard her clear voice making all the woods ring,  
"O! my love is in Flanders to fight for the King.

And I would that the wars were well over,  
O! I would that the wars were all done.

"O! violet, in~violet the oath may it prove  
My lover swore to me when in the green grove.  
In France and in Flanders are maidens as well;  
Will Robin prove fickle and false to his Nell?

And I would that the wars, &c.

"I'll pluck the red robin so jaunty and gay,  
Yet I have my Robin—but he's far away;  
His jacket is red and his cheeks as the rose,  
He sings of his Nell as to battle he goes.

And I would that the wars, &c.

"Ten thousand of blue~bells now welcome the Spring:  
O! when will the church~bells for victory ring?  
And the soldiers return, and all England rejoice?  
O! then I'll be wed to the lad of my choice.

And I would that the wars were well over,  
O! I would that the wars were all done."

THE GIPSY COUNTESS.    Devonshire Traditional.



There came an Earl a-riding by,  
A gipsy maid espyed he;  
"O! nut-brown maid from greenwood glade,  
O! prithee, come along with me."  
"In greenwood glade, fair sir!" she said,  
"I am so blythe, as bird so gay;  
In thy castle tall, in bower and hall,  
I fear for grief I'd pine away."

"Thou shalt no more be set in stocks,  
And tramp about from town to town;  
But thou shalt ride in pomp and pride,  
In velvet red and broidered gown."  
"My brothers three no more I'd see,  
If that I went with thee, I trow;  
They sing me to sleep with songs so sweet,  
They sing as on our way we go."



"Thou shalt not be torn by thistle and thorn,  
With thy bare feet all in the dew;  
But shoes shall wear of Spanish leather,  
And silken stockings all of blue."  
"I will not go to thy castle high,  
For thou wilt weary soon, I know,  
Of the gipsy maid, from greenwood glade,  
And drive her forth in rain and snow."

"All night you lie 'neath the starry sky,  
In rain and snow you trudge all day;  
But thy brown head, in a feather bed,  
When left the gipsies, thou shalt lay."  
"I love to lie 'neath the starry sky,  
I do not heed the snow and rain;  
But fickle as wind, I fear to find  
The man who now my heart would gain."

"I will thee wed, sweet maid," he said,  
"I will thee wed with a golden ring,  
Thy days shall be spent in merriment,  
For us the marriage bells shall swing."  
The dog did howl, and screech'd the owl,  
The raven croaked, the night-wind sighed,  
The wedding bell from the steeple fell,  
As home the Earl did bear his bride.

Three gipsies stood at the castle gate,  
They sang so high, they sang so low;  
The lady sat in her chamber late,  
Her heart it melted away as snow.  
They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,  
That fast her tears began to flow;  
And she laid down her silken gown,  
Her golden rings, and all her show.

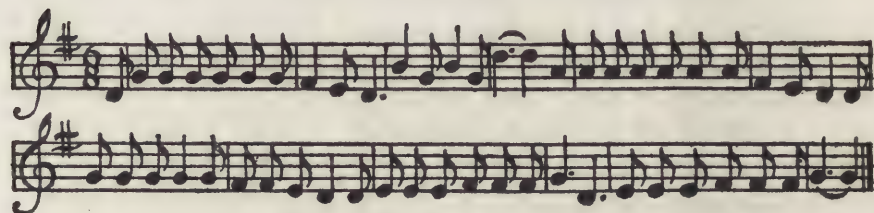
She plucked off her high-heeled shoes,  
A-made of Spanish leather, O!  
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet,  
All out in the wind and weather, O!  
She took in hand but a one posie,  
The wildest flowers that do grow;  
And down the stair went the lady fair  
To go away with the gipsies, O!

At past midnight her lord came home,  
And where his lady was would know;  
The servants replied on every side:  
"She's gone away with the gipsies, O!"  
Then he rode high, and he rode low,  
And over hill and vale, I trow,  
Until he espied his fair young bride,  
Who'd gone away with the gipsies, O!

"O! will you leave your house and lands,  
Your golden treasures, for to go  
Away from your lord that weareth a sword,  
To follow along with the gipsies, O?"  
"O! I will leave my house and lands,  
My golden treasures, for to go;  
I love not my lord that weareth a sword,  
I'll follow along with the gipsies, O!"

"Nay, thou shalt not!" then he drew, I wot,  
The sword that hung at his saddle bow,  
And once he smote on her lily-white throat,  
And there her red blood down did flow.  
Then dipp'd in blood was the posie good  
That was of the wildest flowers that blow;  
She sank on her side, and so she died—  
For she would away with the gipsies, O!

## THE POOR COUPLE.



There was an old couple and they were poor;

*Tweedle, tweedle dee.*

There was an old couple and they were poor;

They lived in a house that had but one door—

O what a poor couple were they!

*O what a poor couple were they!*

The old man went out one day from home;

*Tweedle, tweedle dee.*

The old man went out one day from home;

The old woman she couldn't stay moping alone—

O what a weak woman was she!

*O what a weak woman was she!*

The old man he came home at last;

*Tweedle, tweedle dee.*

The old man he came home at last;

He found the door and the window fast;

“O! what is the matter?” said he.

*“O! what is the matter?” said he.*



"O! I have been sick since you've been gone;

*Tweedle, tweedle dee.*

"O! I have been sick since you've been gone;

"If you'd been in the garden you'd heard me groan."

"I'm sorry for that," said he.

*"I'm sorry for that," said he.*

"O! I've a petition to make of thee:

*Tweedle, tweedle dee.*

"O! I've a petition to make of thee:

"Go, pick me an apple from yonder tree."

"O! that will I do," said he.

*"O! that will I do," said he.*

The old man he got up in the tree;

*Tweedle, tweedle dee.*

The old man he got up in the tree;

She plucked down the ladder, and down fell he.

"This is clewerly done," said she.

*"This is clewerly done," said she.*

Come all pretty maidens, wherever you be,

*Tweedle, tweedle dee.*

Come all pretty maidens, wherever you be,

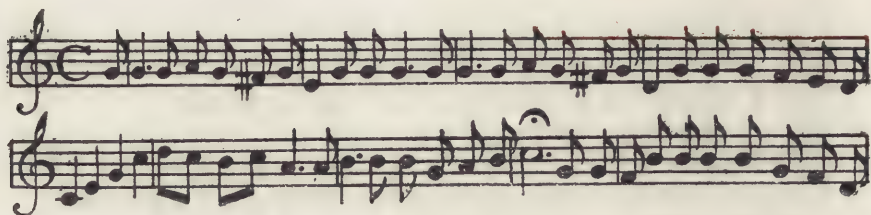
And do to your husbands as done by she—

That's the end of matrimonie.

*That's the end of matrimonie.*

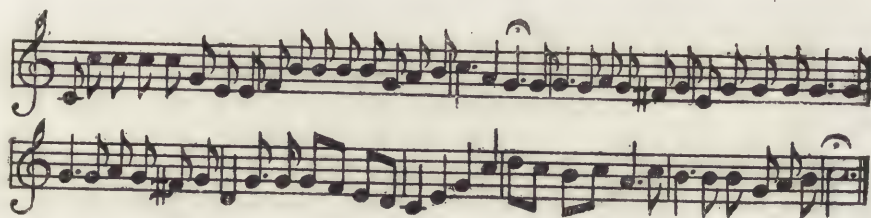
## THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

American version of an old  
Cornish Song.



There is a tavern in the town, **in the town,**  
And there my dear love sits him down, **sits him down,**  
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,  
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus. Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
Do not let the parting grieve thee,  
And remember that the best of friends must  
part, must part.  
Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.



He left me for a damsel dark, **damsel dark,**  
Each Friday night they used to spark, **used to spark,**  
And now my love, once true to me,  
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

**Fare thee well, &c.**

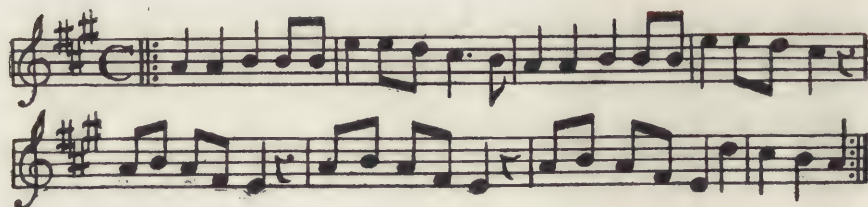
Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, **wide and deep,**  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, **head and feet,**  
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,  
To signify I died of love.

**Chorus.** Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
Do not let the parting grieve thee,  
And remember that the best of friends must  
part, must part.  
Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.



# THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.

Cheshire Traditional.



He—

I will give you the Keys of Heaven,  
I will give you the Keys of Heaven;  
Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?  
Madam, will you walk and talk with me?

She—

Though you give me the Keys of Heaven,  
Though you give me the Keys of Heaven,  
Yet I will not walk; no, I will not talk;  
No, I will not walk or talk with thee.

He—

I will give you a blue silk gown,  
To make you fine when you go to town;  
Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?  
Madam, will you walk and talk with me?

She—

Though you give me a blue silk gown,  
To make me fine when I go to town,  
Yet I will not walk; no, I will not talk;  
No, I will not walk or talk with thee.

He—

I will give you a coach and six,  
Six black horses as black as pitch;  
Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?  
Madam, will you walk and talk with me?

She—

Though you give me a coach and six,  
Six black horses as black as pitch,  
Yet I will not walk; no, I will not talk;  
No, I will not walk or talk with thee.

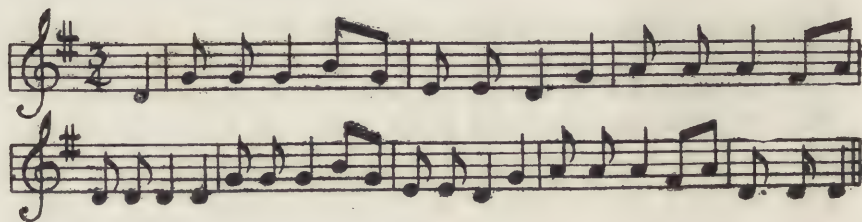
He—

I will give you the keys of my heart,  
And we will be married till death us do part;  
Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?  
Madam, will you walk and talk with me?

She—

Thou shalt give me the keys of thy heart,  
And we will be married till death us do part;  
I will walk, I will talk,  
I will walk and talk with thee.

O! LOVE IS HOT, AND LOVE IS COLD.



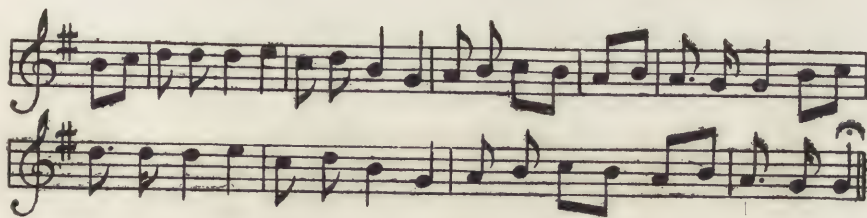
O! love is hot, and love is cold;  
More precious sought than Sheba's gold,  
More worthless won than clods of clay,  
Esteemed to be cast away.

O! blow, ye winds of winter, blow,  
And cover me with spotless snow,  
And tear the branches from the tree,  
And strew the dead leaves over me.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,  
It turns about and doth not rest;  
Now as a gale, then light doth fan—  
Such is the temper of a man.

O! blow, ye winds of winter, blow,  
And cover me with spotless snow,  
And tear the branches from the tree,  
And strew the dead leaves over me.





The flowers come, the leaves appear,  
All in the Spring-time of the year;  
The summer past, they fall and fade—  
Such is the beauty of a maid.

O! blow, ye winds of winter, blow,  
And cover me with spotless snow,  
And tear the branches from the tree,  
And strew the dead leaves over me.

Upon the steeple swings a bird,  
Its shrilly voice is never heard;  
It doth not hear, it doth not see—  
O! would it had been so with me!

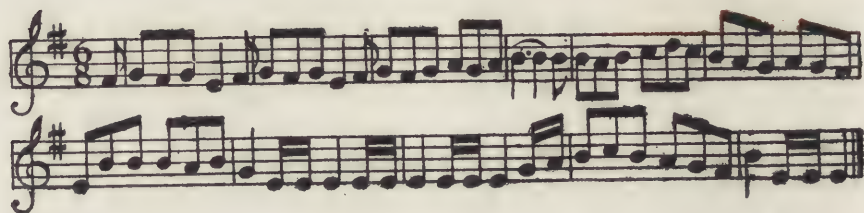
O! blow, ye winds of winter, blow,  
And cover me with spotless snow,  
And tear the branches from the tree,  
And strew the dead leaves over me.

The little circle of my life  
Is but the turning of a knife;  
And tears for ever fill the eye,  
And every breath is but a sigh.

O! blow, ye winds of winter, blow,  
And cover me with spotless snow,  
And tear the branches from the tree,  
And strew the dead leaves over me.

# JAN'S COURTSHIP.

Somersetshire Traditional.



Come hither, son Jan! since thou art a man,  
I'll gie the best counsel in life;  
Come, sit down by me, and my story shall be,  
I'll tell how to get thee a wife.

Iss, I will! man, I will!

Zure, I will!

I'll tell how to get thee a wife! Iss, I will.

Thyself thou must dress in thy Sunday-go-best—  
They'll at first turn away and be shy;  
But boldly kiss each purty maid that thou see'st—  
They'll call thee their Love, by-and-bye.

Iss, they will! man, they will!

Zure, they will!

They'll call thee their love by-and-bye! Iss, they will!

So a-courting Jan goes in his holiday clothes,  
All trim, nothing ragged and torn,  
From his hat to his hose; with a sweet yellow rose,  
He looked like a gentleman born.

Iss, he did! man, he did!

Zure, he did!

He looked like a gentleman born! Iss, he did!

The first pretty lass that Jan did see pass,  
A farmer's fat daughter called Grace,  
He'd scarce said 'How do?' and a kind word or two,  
Her fetched him a slap in the face.

Iss, her did! man, her did!

Zure, her did!

Her fetched him a slap in the face! Iss, her did!

As Jan, never fearing o' nothing at all,  
Was walking adown by the locks,  
He kissed the parson's wife, which stirred up a strife,  
And Jan was put into the stocks.

Iss, he was! man, he was!

Zure, he was!

And Jan was put into the stocks! Iss, he was!

If this be the way how to get me a wife,  
Quoth Jan, I will never have none,  
I'd rather live single the whole of my life;  
And home to my mammy I'll run.

Iss, I will! man, I will!

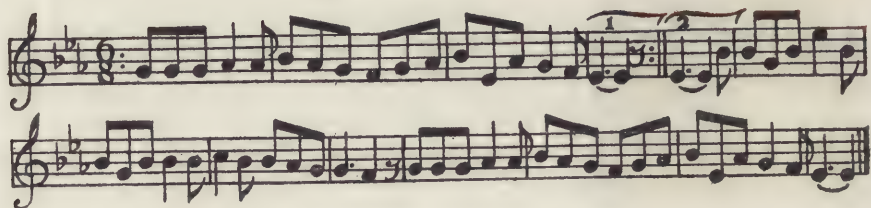
Zure, I will!

And home to my mammy I'll run! Iss, I will!



DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Words by Ben Jonson.

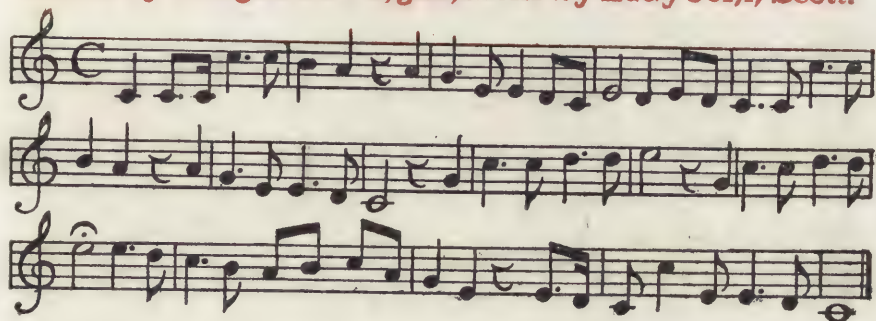


Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not wither'd be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me,  
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

## ANNIE LAURIE.

Words by Douglas of Fingland. Air by Lady John Scott.



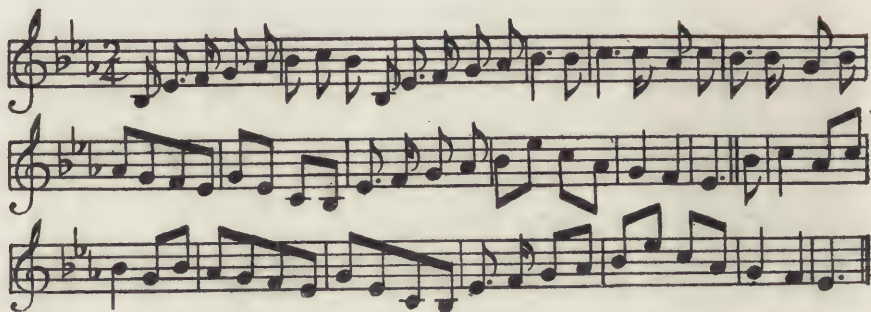
Maxwellton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gie'd me her promise true,  
Gie'd me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw~drift,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

# A~ROVING.

## Seamen's Chanty.



In Amsterdam there lives a maid,  
Mark you well what I say!  
In Amsterdam there lives a maid,  
And she is mistress of her trade;  
I'll go no more a-roving from you fair maid.

Chorus. A~roving, a~roving, since roving's been my ruin,  
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,  
Mark you well what I say!  
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,  
Her face is fair, her step is light;  
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus. A~roving, a~roving, &c.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds' red,  
Mark you well what I say!  
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds' red,  
There's wealth of hair upon her head;  
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus. A~roving, a~roving, &c.



I often take her for a walk,  
Mark you well what I say!  
I often take her for a walk,  
And love to hear her merry talk;  
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus. A-roving, a-roving, &c.

I love this fair maid as my life,  
Mark you well what I say!  
I love this fair maid as my life,  
And soon she'll be my little wife;  
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus. A-roving, a-roving, &c.

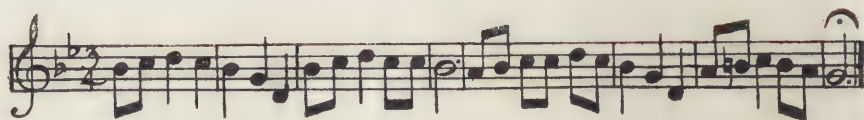
And if you'd know this maiden's name,  
Mark you well what I say!  
And if you'd know this maiden's name,  
Why soon like mine, 'twill be the same;  
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus. A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ruin,  
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

WALSINGHAM.

Air: 16th Century.

Words by Sir Walter Raleigh.



As you came from the holy land  
Of Walsingham,  
Met you not with my True Love,  
By the way, as you came?

How shall I know your True Love,  
That have met many one,  
As I went to the holy land;  
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white, nor brown;  
But as the heavens fair!  
There is none hath a form so divine,  
In the earth, or the air!

Such a one did I meet, good Sir!  
Such an angelic face;  
Who like a Queen, like a Nymph, did appear  
By her gait, by her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,  
All alone, as unknown;  
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,  
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,  
And a new way doth take?  
Who loved you once as her own,  
And her joy did you make.

I have loved her all my youth;  
But now old, as you see,  
LOVE likes not the falling fruit  
From the withered tree!

Know, that LOVE is a careless child,  
And forgets promise past;  
He is blind; he is deaf when he list,  
And in faith never fast!

His desire is a dureless content,  
And a trustless joy.  
He is won, with a world of despair;  
And is lost, with a toy.

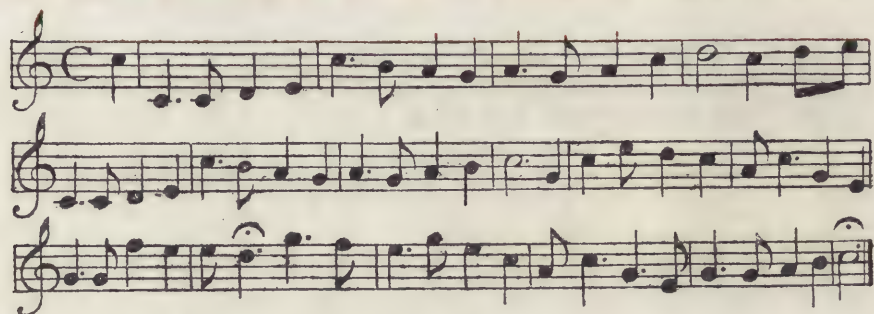
Of womenkind such indeed is the love;  
Or the word Love abused,  
Under which many childish desires  
And conceits are excused.

But True Love is a durable fire,  
In the mind ever burning;  
Never sick! never old! never dead!  
From itself never turning!



O MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Air: "Low down in the broom." Words by Robert Burns.



O my love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my love is like a melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
Sae deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my lass,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

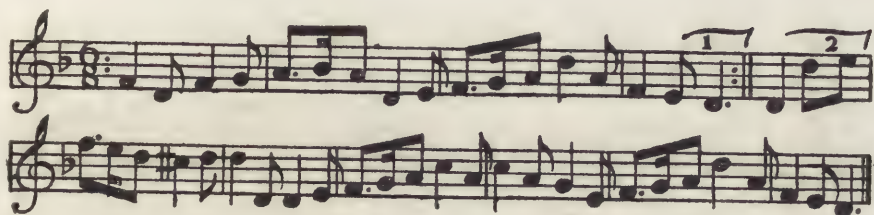
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry,  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry!

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,  
O I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.  
And fare thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Though 'twere ten thousand mile!

Though 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,  
Though 'twere ten thousand mile:  
And I will come again, my love,  
Though 'twere ten thousand mile!

# COURTIERS, COURTIERS.

1686.



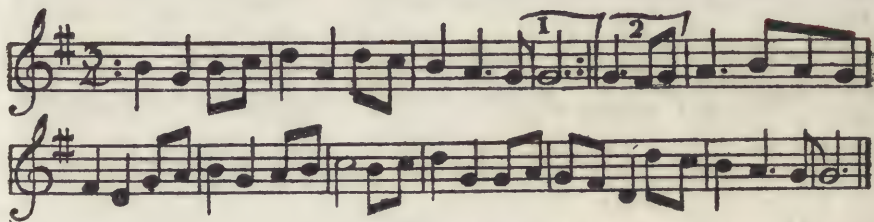
Courtiers, Courtiers, think not in scorn,  
 If poor silly swains in love should be,  
 Love lies hid in rags all torn,  
 As well as in silks and bravery:  
 And the beggar doth love his lass as dear  
 As he that hath thousands, thousands, thousands,  
 He that hath thousands pounds a year.

State and pomp no happiness brings,  
 A lower place more joys doth prove;  
 For Lords and Ladies, Princes and Kings,  
 With all on a level are in love.  
 And pretty brown Mary, making hay,  
 Hath charms as killing, killing, killing,  
 Always as killing charms as they.

Content's the thing that mortals doth bless,  
 And better far than a golden mine;  
 In Mary I the world possess,  
 And at no other's lot repine.  
 Sweet Mary to me in careless hair  
 Has treasures far more taking, taking,  
 Than they that tow'rs and di'monds wear.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Early 17th century.



Over the mountains,  
And under the caves;  
Under the fountains,  
And under the waves;  
Under waters that are deepest,  
Which still Neptune obey;  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
*Love will find out the way.*

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lye;  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly;  
Where the midge dares not venture,  
Lest herself fast she lay;  
If Love come, he will enter,  
*And soon find out his way.*



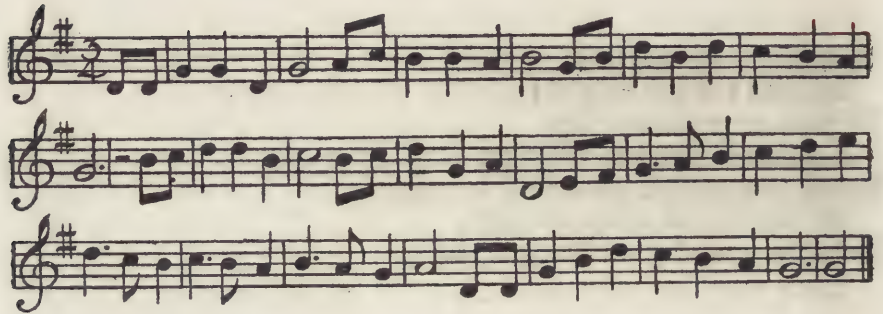
You may esteem him  
A child for his might;  
Or you may deem him  
A coward from his flight;  
But if she, whom love doth honour,  
Be concealed from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,  
By having him confined;  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor heart, to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that you may,  
Blind love, if do ye call him,  
Will grope out his way.

You may train the eagle,  
To stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle  
The phenix of the east;  
The lioness, ye can move her  
To give o'er her prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:  
He will find out his way.

# SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

Cornish Traditional.



My sweet heart, come along, don't you hear the fond song,  
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?  
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale,  
As she sings in the valleys below?  
As she sings in the valleys below?

Pretty Betty, don't fail, for I'll carry your pail  
Safe home to your cot as we go;  
You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale,  
As she sings in the valleys below.  
As she sings in the valleys below.

Pray let me alone, I have hands of my own;  
Along with you, Sir, I'll not go,  
To hear the fōnd tale of the sweet nightingale,  
As she sings in the valleys below.  
*As she sings in the valleys below.*

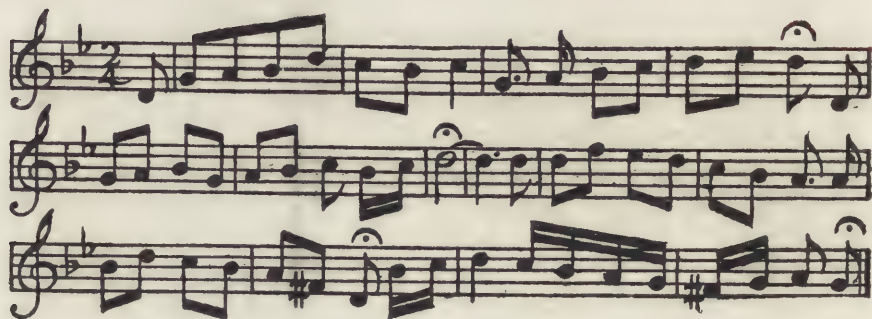
Pray sit yourself down with me on the ground,  
On this bank where the primroses grow;  
You shall hear the fōnd tale of the sweet nightingale,  
As she sings in the valleys below.  
*As she sings in the valleys below.*

The couple agreed, and were married with speed,  
And soon to the church they did go;  
No more is she afraid for to walk in the shade,  
Nor sit in those valleys below.  
*Nor sit in those valleys below.*



THERE WERE THREE RAVENS.

Early 16th Century.



There were three Ravens sat on a tree,  
Downe, a downe, hay downe, hay downe,  
They were as blacke as they might be.  
With a downe,  
The one of them said to his mate,  
Where shall we our breakefast take?  
With a downe, derie, derie, derie, downe, downe.

Downe in yonder greene field,  
Downe, a downe, &c.  
There lies a knight slain under his shield.  
With a downe,  
His hounds they lie downe at his fēete,  
So well do they their master keepe.  
With a downe, &c.

His haukes they flie so eagerly,  
Downe, a downe, &c.  
There is no fowle dare him come nie.  
With a downe,  
Downe there comes a fallow doe,  
She was his love—you well might know.  
With a downe, &c.

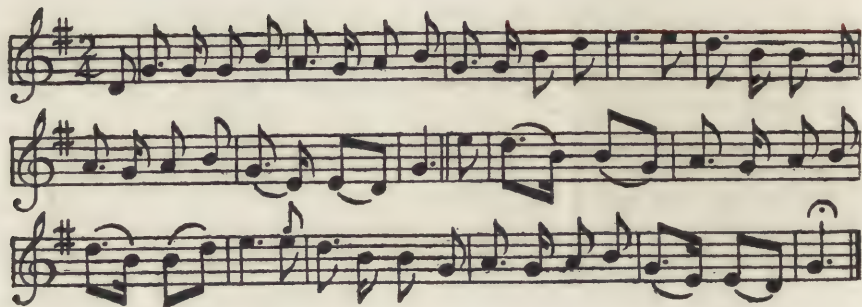
She lifted up his lifeless hed,  
Downe, a downe, &c.  
And kist his wounds that were so red.  
With a downe,  
She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herself ere even-song time.  
With a downe, &c.

Now pray God every man to send,  
Downe, a downe, hay downe, hay downe,  
Now pray God every man to send,  
With a downe,  
Now pray God every man to send  
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a friend.  
With a downe, derie, derie, derie, downe, downe.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by Burns.

Air: "I fée'd a lad at Martinmas."



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!

Chorus. For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne;  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine,  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!

Chorus. For auld, &c.



We twa hae run about the braes  
And pu'd the gowans fine,  
But we've wandered mony a weary fit  
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus. For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine,  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

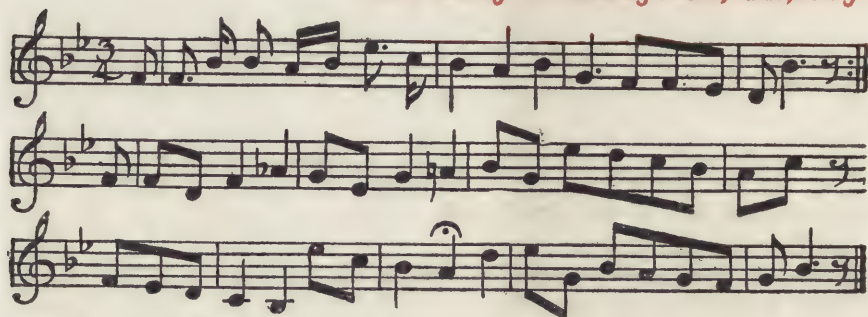
Chorus. For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty frere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine,  
And we'll tak' a richt guid-willie waught  
For auld lang syne!

Chorus. For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne;  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness  
For auld lang syne.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Air: "The Country Lass."  
Words by H. Carey, 18th Century.



Of all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley:  
There is no lady in the land  
Is half as sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
And through the streets does cry them;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy them:  
But sure such folk can have no part  
In such a girl as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes, like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely:  
But let him bang long as he will,  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,  
I dearly love but one day;  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm dressed in all my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
*She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.*

My master carries me to church,  
And often I am blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
Soon as the text is named:  
I leave the church in sermon-time,  
And slink away to Sally;  
*She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.*

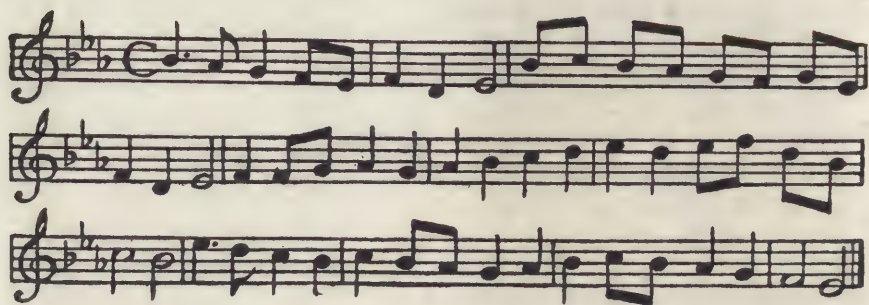
When Christmas comes about again,  
Oh, then I shall have money;  
I hoard it up and, box and all,  
I'll give unto my honey:  
I would it were ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally:  
*She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.*

My master and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally;  
And but for she I'd better be  
A slave, and row a galley:  
But when my seven long years are out,  
Oh, then I'll marry Sally,  
*And then how happily we'll live,  
But not in our alley.*



# THE COY SHEPHERDESS.

Air: 'Amarillis.' 1665.



Phillis on the new made hay,  
Fair, but lonely still she lay,  
Wasting all the summer day  
In melancholy sighing;  
Till Amintor came that way,  
And bade her cease repining,

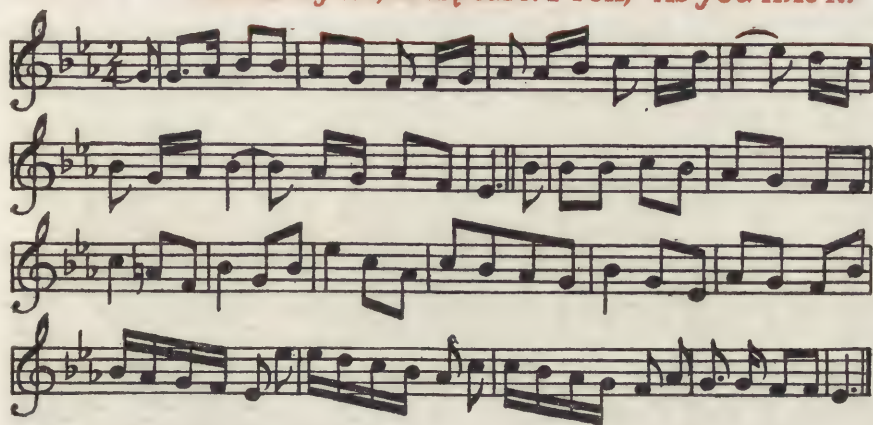
Told her he had loved her long,  
Loved her well and loved too long;  
Phillis fear'd he'd do her wrong,  
And fear'd to say she loved him;  
Till he swore in word and song,  
She never need reprove him.

He had bought the wedding ring,  
Many a bow and silken string,  
Fit for queen or fit for king,  
To show he truly loved her;  
Thus did he declare and sing,  
Until at last he moved her.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

Air: 1600.

Words by Shakespeare. From 'As you like it.'



It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,

And a hey nonny noni no;

That o'er the green corn-fields did pass

In springtime, in springtime, in springtime,

The only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,

Hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding,

Sweet lovers love the spring!

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, &c.

Those pretty country folks would lie

In springtime, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, &c.

How that life was but a flower

In springtime, &c.

Then pretty lovers, take the time,

With a hey, &c.

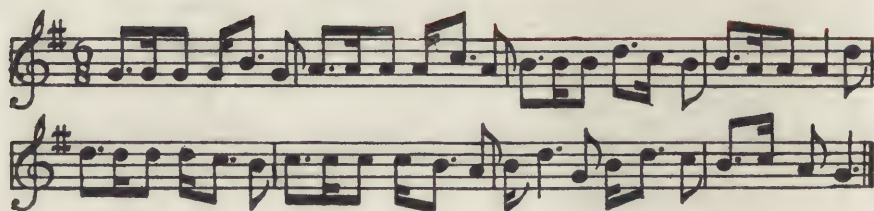
For love is crown'd with the prime

In springtime, &c.

SONG FROM RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

Nicholas Udall. Early 16th Century.

Air: Adapted from the 'Masque of Narcissus.' 1602.



A thing very fit  
For them that have wit  
And are fellows knit,  
Servants in one house to be,  
Is fast for to sit,  
And not oft to flit,  
Nor vary a whit,  
But lovingly to agree.

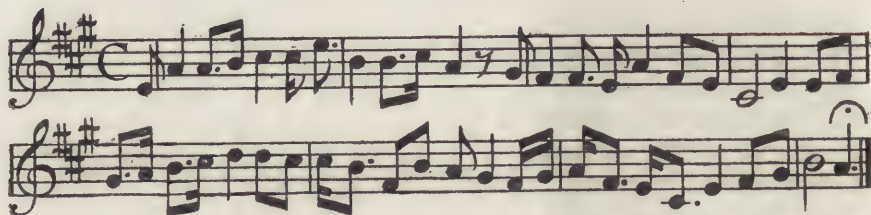


No man complaining,  
No other disdainig,  
For loss or for gainig,  
But fellows or friends to be.  
No grudge remainig,  
No work refrainig,  
Nor help restrainig,  
But lovingly to agree.

No man for despite,  
By word or by write  
His fellow to twite,  
But further in honesty,  
No good turns entwite,  
Nor old sores recite,  
But let all go quite,  
And lovingly to agree.

After drudgery,  
When they be weary,  
Then to be merry,  
To laugh and sing they be free;  
With chip and cherie  
Heigh derie derie,  
Trill on the berie,  
And lovingly to agree.

HOW CAN YE GANG, LASSIE?    Old Scottish Ballad.



O how can ye gang, lassie?

*How can ye gang?*

O, how can ye gang sae to grieve me?

Wi' your beauty and your art

Ye hae broken my heart,

For I never, never thocht ye wad leave me."

"O, how could ye think, Jamie,

*How could ye think,*

O, how could ye think that I lo'ed ye?

For its O and I lo'e ane,

But I daurna tell his name,

And I never, never meant to deceive ye."

"Then how could ye look, Jeannie,

*How could ye look?*

And what when your e'en met mine, lass?

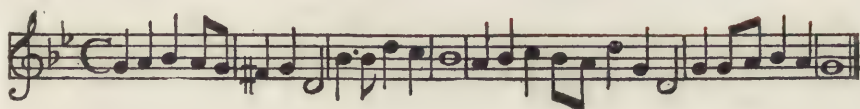
For wi' sorrow in my heart,

And the tears in my e'en,

I maun down to the grave loving thee, lass.

# HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW.

Words by William Shakespeare, from 'Hamlet.'



How should I your True Love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff;  
And his sandall shoon.

He is dead and gone, Lady!  
He is dead and gone!  
At his head, a grass-green turf;  
At his heels, a stone.

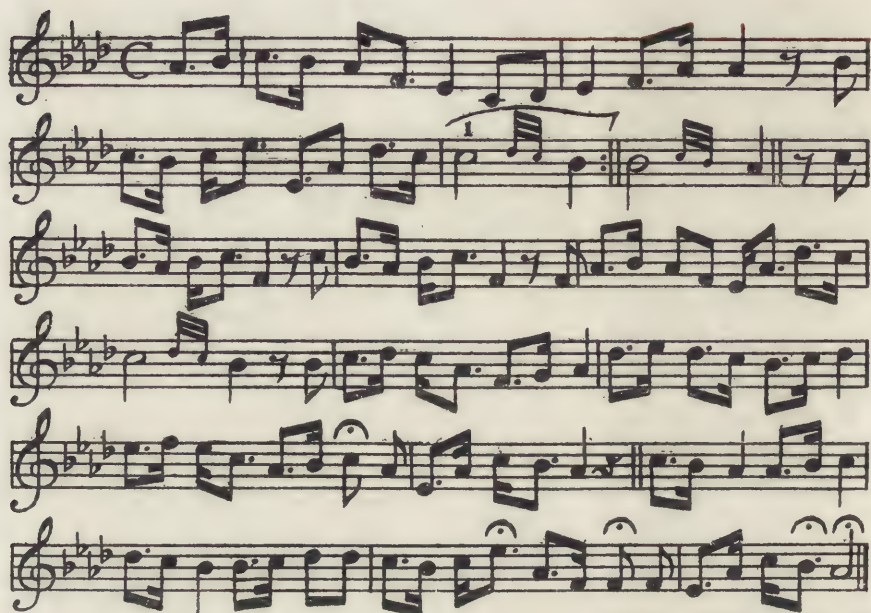
White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded with sweet fflowers;  
Which bewept to the ground did go  
With true-love showers.



## DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

Words by Robert Crawford. 1695.

Air: Scottish Traditional.



When trees did bud, and fields were green,  
And broom bloomed fair to see,  
When Mary was complete fifteen,  
And love laughed in her e'e,  
Blythe Davie's blink her heart did move  
To speak her mind sae free,

"Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,  
Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
And I will follow thee."

Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
That dwelt on yon burnside,  
And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
Just meet to be a bride.  
Thus Davie's blink her heart did move  
To speak her mind sae free,

“Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,  
Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
And I will follow thee.”

Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
Doun the burn, Davie lad,  
And I will follow thee.”

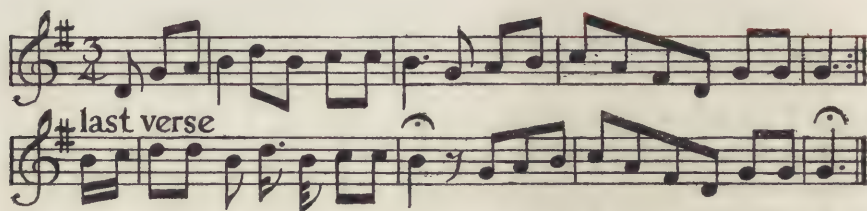
What passed, I guess, was harmless play,  
And naething, sure, unmeet,  
For ganging hame I heard them say  
They liked a walk sae sweet.  
Since both were fain their love to own  
And speak their mind sae free,

“Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,  
Doun the burn, Mary lass,  
Doun the burn, my ain dear love,  
And aye I'll follow thee.”

Doun the burn, Mary lass,  
Doun the burn, my ain dear love,  
And aye I'll follow thee.”

# SWEET WILLIAM.

Worcestershire Traditional.



O father, father, come build me a boat,  
That on this wild ocean I may float,  
And every ship that I chance to meet  
I will enquire for my William sweet.

I had not sailed more than half an hour  
Before I met with a man on board, (man of war?)  
"Kind captain, captain, come tell me true,  
Is my sweet William on board with you?"

"Oh no, fine lady, he is not here,  
That he is drowned most breaks my fear, (it makes me fear?)  
For the other night when the wind blew high,  
That's when you lost your sweet sailor boy."

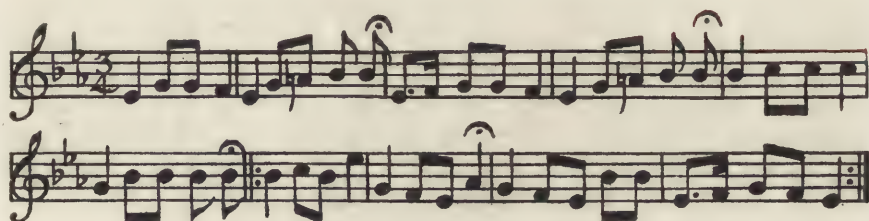
I'll set me down, and I'll write a song,  
I'll write it neat, and I'll write it long,  
And at every word I will drop a tear,  
And in every line I'll set my Willie dear.

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,  
I wish I was a sweet maid again,  
But a maid, a maid I never shall be  
Till apples grow on an orange-tree.  
For a maid, a maid I shall never be,  
Till apples grow on an orange tree.



O, MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?

Words by William Shakespeare,  
from 'Twelfth Night.' Air: 1603.



O, Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay, and hear! Your True Love's coming;  
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty Sweeting!

Journeys end in Lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know!

What is Love? 'Tis not hereafter!

What is Love? 'Tis not hereafter!

Present mirth hath present laughter;

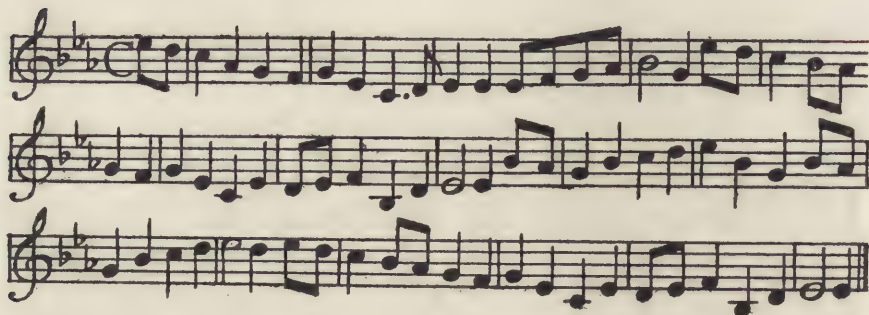
What's to come is still unsure!

In delay there lies no plenty!

Then come, kiss me, sweet and twenty!

Youth's a stuff will not endure!

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME. 18th Century.



Oh, I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,  
And o'er the moor and valley,  
Such heavy thoughts my heart doth fill  
Since parting with my Sally.  
I seek no more the fine or gay,  
For each would but remind me  
How sweet the hours did pass away  
With the girl I left behind me.

O ne'er shall I forget the night—  
The stars were bright above me,  
And gently lent their silv'ry light  
When first she vowed to love me.  
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp—  
Kind heaven, then pray guide me,  
And send me safely back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,  
Her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,  
May leave the swain repining.  
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer  
To my beauteous fair to bind me,  
And send me safely back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

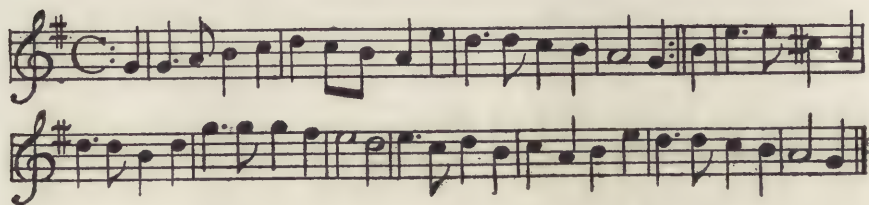
The bee shall honey taste no more,  
The dove become a ranger,  
The falling waves shall cease to roar,  
Ere I shall seek to change her;  
The vows we registered above  
Shall ever cheer and bind me  
In constancy to her I love—  
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,  
In sleeping or in waking,  
Until I see my love again,  
For whom my heart is breaking.  
If ever I return that way,  
And she should not decline me,  
I evermore will live and stay  
With the girl I've left behind me.



SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

1607.



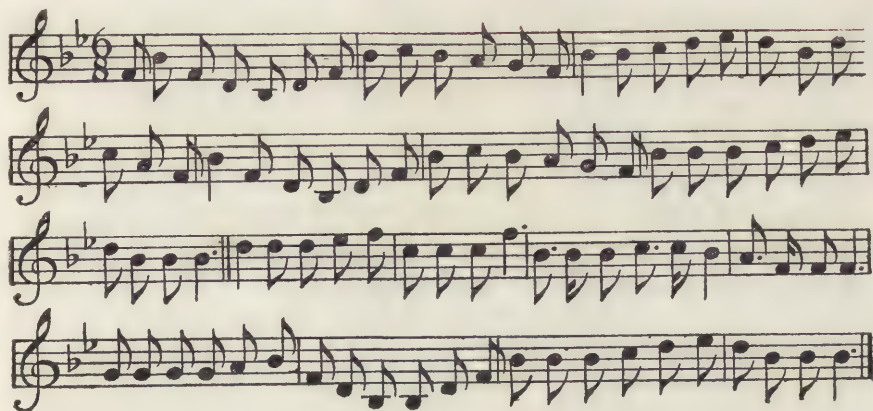
Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd  
 To honour and renown you;  
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish  
 My heart had never known you.  
 What! I that loved, and you that liked,  
 Shall we begin to wrangle?  
 No, no, no, my heart is fast,  
 And cannot disentangle!

If I admire or praise too much,  
 That fault you may forgive me;  
 Or if my hands had strayed to touch,  
 Then justly might you leave me.  
 I ask'd you leave, you bade me love;  
 Is't now a time to chide me?  
 No, no, no, I'll love you still,  
 What fortune e'er betide me!

If I have wronged you, say wherein,  
 And I will soon amend it;  
 In recompense of such a sin,  
 Here is my heart, I'll send it!  
 If that will not your mercy move,  
 Then for my life I care not;  
 Then, oh, then, torment me still,  
 And take my life, and spare not!

## FATHER O'FLYNN,

Words and air by A. P. Graves, 19th Century.



Of priests we can offer a charming variety,  
Far renown'd for larnin' and piety,  
Still I'd advance ye widout unpropriety,  
Father O'Flynn as the flow'r of them all.

Chorus. Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainté and slainté and slainté agin;  
Pow'rfullest pracher and tinderest tacher,  
And kindliest crature in ould Donegal.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,  
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,  
You've such a way wid you, Father, avick;  
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,  
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;  
Checking the crazy ones, coaxing onaisy ones,  
Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

Chorus. Here's a health, &c.

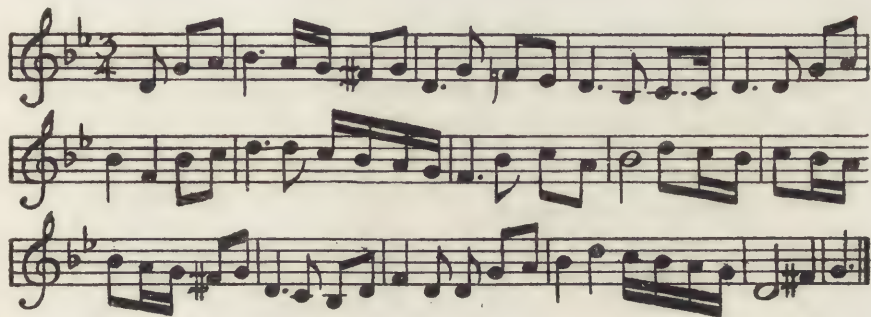
And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,  
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
At comicality, Father, wid you?  
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:  
"Is it lave gaiety all to the laity,  
Cannot the Clergy be Irishmen too?"

Chorus. Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainté and slainté and slainté agin;  
Pow'rfullest pracher and tinnerest tacher,  
And kindliest crature in ould Donegal.



# BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Traditional.



All in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board—  
“Oh, where shall I my true love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet William,  
If my sweet William sails among your crew.”

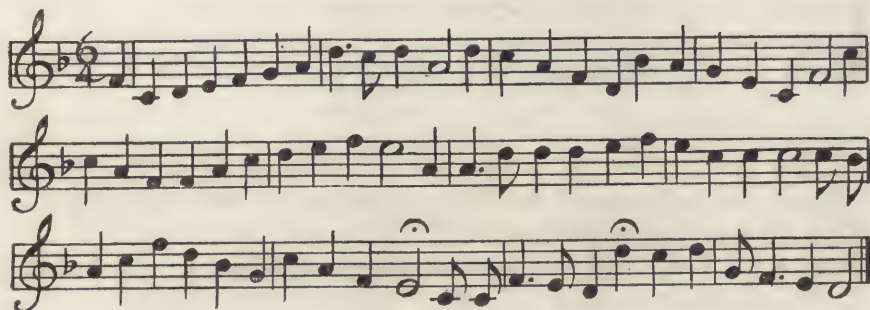
William was high upon the yard,  
Rocked by the billows to and fro;  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard  
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And, quick as lightning,  
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find.  
Yet, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present,  
For thou art present whersoe'er I go.

"Oh, Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows for ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear—  
We only part to meet again.  
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
The faithful compass,  
The faithful compass that still points to thee."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
No longer must she stay on board:  
They kiss—she sighed—he hangs his head;  
The lessening boat unwilling rows to land,  
"Adieu!" she cries,  
"Adieu!" she cries, and waves her lily hand.

## THE GREY MARE.



Young Roger the Miller went courting of late  
A farmer's sweet daughter called Beautiful Kate;  
Now Kitty was buxom and bonny and fair,  
Had plenty of humour, of frolic a share,  
And her father possessed an uncommon grey mare.

*A grey mare, a grey mare,  
An uncommon grey mare.*

So Roger he dressed himself up as a beau,  
He combed down his locks, and in collars of snow  
He went to the farmer, and said, "How d'y do?  
I love pretty Kitty, to her I'll prove true;  
Will you give me the grey mare and Katherine, too?"

*The grey mare, the grey mare,  
An uncommon grey mare?"*

"She's a very nice maiden, a-courting I'm come—  
Lawks! how I would like the grey mare to ride home!—  
I love your sweet daughter so much, I declare,  
I'm ready my mill—and my stable—to share  
With Kitty the charming, and with the grey mare.

*The grey mare, the grey mare,  
An uncommon grey mare."*



"Your welcome to her, to her hand and heart;  
But from the grey mare, man, I never will part."  
So said the old farmer;—then Roger: "I swear  
It is up with my courting, for Kate I don't care,  
Unless I be given as well the grey mare.

*The grey mare, the grey mare,  
An uncommon grey mare."*

The years had passed swiftly, when, withered and grey,  
Old Roger the Miller met Katherine one day.  
Said he, "I remember you, buxom and fair,  
As roses your cheeks, and as broom was your hair,  
And I came a-courting!—Ah, Kate! the grey mare.

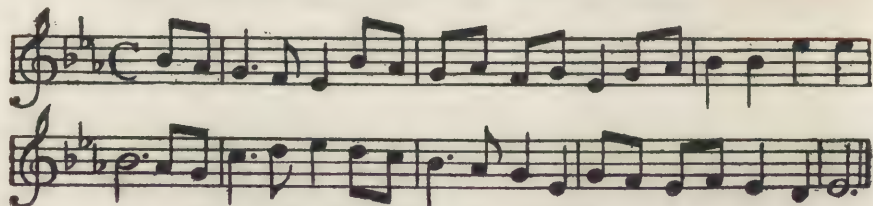
*The grey mare, the grey mare,  
An uncommon grey mare."*

"I remember your coming to court the grey mare  
Very well, Mr. Roger, when golden my hair,  
And cheeks were as roses that bloom on the wall.  
But, lawks! Mr. Roger,—I cannot recall  
That e'er you came sweet-hearting me, man, at all.

*But the mare, the grey mare,  
That uncommon grey mare."*

### THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

*Traditional.*



There was a youth, a well-beloved youth,  
And he was a squire's son,  
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,  
That lived in Islington.

But when his friends did understand,  
His fond and foolish mind,  
They sent him up to fair London,  
An apprentice for to bind.

When seven long years had passed away,  
She put on a beggar's attire;  
And forth she went from Islington,  
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
She sat her down upon a green bank,  
And her true love came riding by.

She started up with a colour so red,  
Catching hold of his bridle rein;  
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,  
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,  
Pray tell me where you were born;"  
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,  
"Where I have had many a scorn."

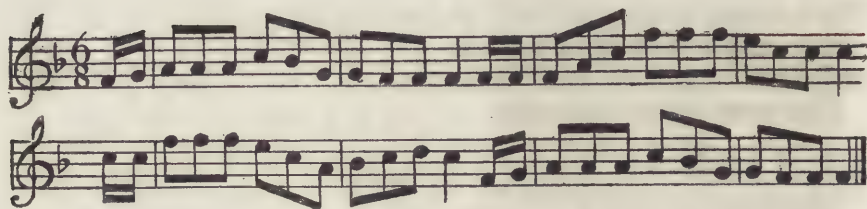
"I prithee, sweetheart, tell to me,  
O tell me if you know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"  
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and bridle also,  
For I will to some far country,  
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,  
She standeth by thy side!  
She is not dead, she is here, alive,  
And ready to be thy bride!"

# VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Early 19th Century.



There was a rich merchant who in London did dwell,  
He had but one daughter, an uncommon fine young gal.  
Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,  
With a very large fortune in silver and gold.

Chorus: Singing tooral~la~looral~la~looral~la~lay.

As Dinah vas a~valking in the garding one day,  
Her pa he came up to her and thus he did say,  
“Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,  
And you shall have a husband both galliant and gay.”

Singing tooral~la~looral, &c.

“Oh papa, oh papa, I’ve not made up my mind,  
And to marry just yet I do not feel inclined;  
My very large fortune I’ll gladly give o’er,  
If you’d let me live single a year or two more.”

Singing tooral~la~looral, &c.



"Go, go, boldest daughter," her parient replied,  
"If you'll not consent to be this here young man's bride;  
I'll leave your large fortune to the nearest of kin,  
And you shan't reap the benefit of it by one single pin."

*Singing tooral~la~looral, &c.*

As Villikins was a~vollicking in the garding around  
He saw his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground,  
And a cup of cold pisin it lay by her side—  
And a billydux to say it was by pison she died.

*Singing tooral~la~looral, &c.*

Then he kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,  
And he called her his Dinah though she was no more.  
Then he drank up the pison like a true lovier brave,  
And Villikins and his Dinah lie buried in one grave.

*Singing tooral~la~looral, &c.*

Now all you young maidens take notice be sure,  
And never not by no means disobey the guvner;  
And all you young men take care what gals you set your  
eyes on,  
Think of Villikins & his Dinah and the cup of cold pison.

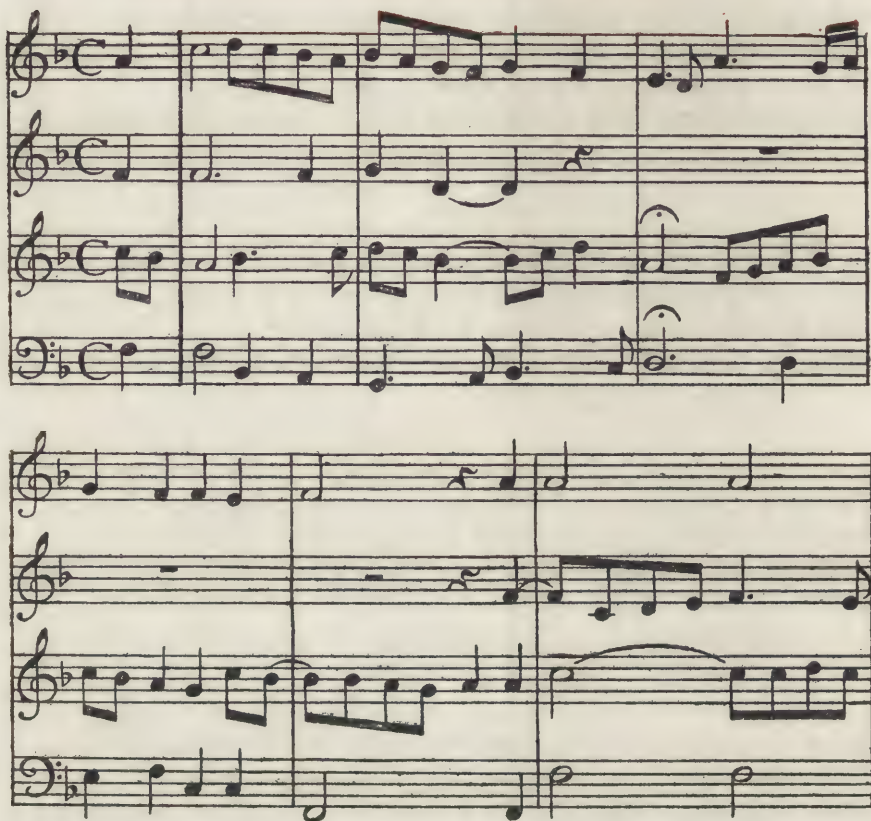
*Singing tooral~la~looral~la~looral~la~lay.*

**IT WAS A BEAUTY.**

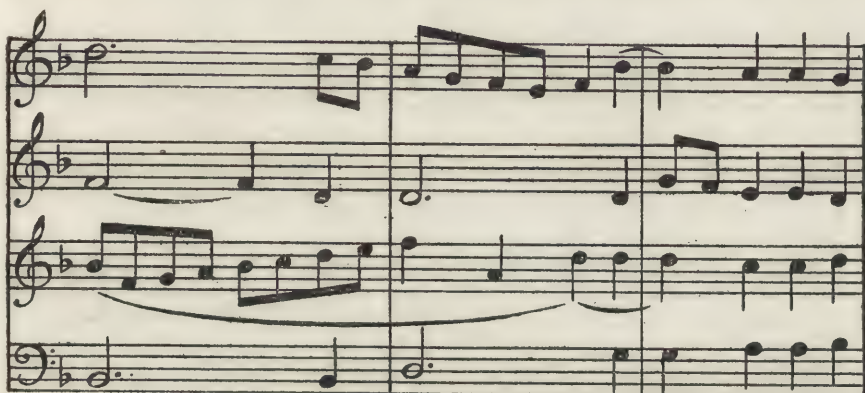
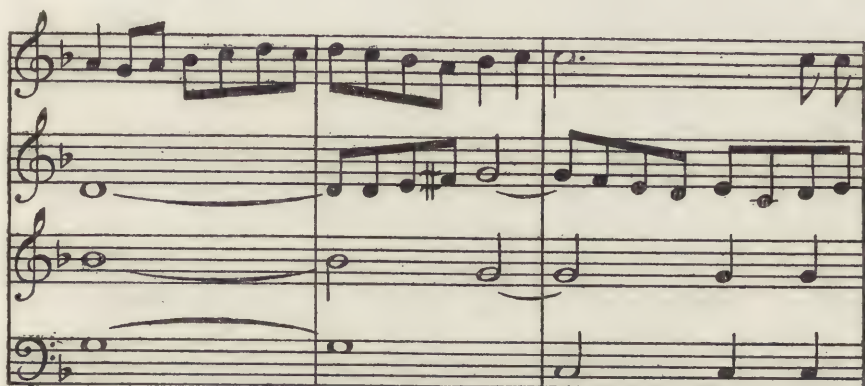
Song from 'The New Inn.' Words by Ben Jonson.

Air: French, 15th century.

Harmonised by Jeanne Herscher for the Guild's performance of this noble play in 1902.



It was a beauty that I saw,  
So pure, so perfect, as the frame  
Of all the universe was lame  
To that one figure could I draw  
Or give least line of it a law.



A skein of silk without a knot,  
A fair march made without a halt,  
A curious form without a fault,  
A printed book without a blot,  
All beauty and without a spot.





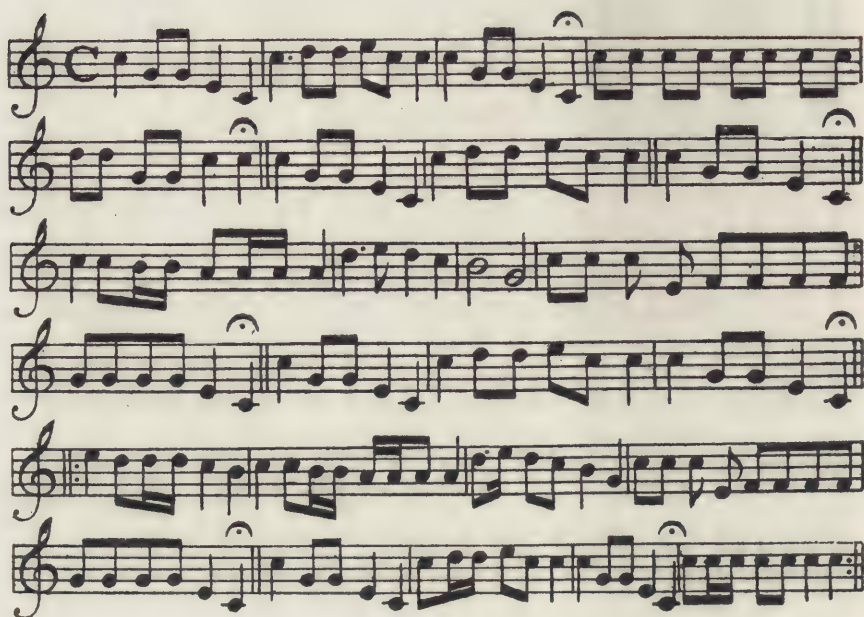
It was a beauty that I saw,  
So pure, so perfect, as the frame  
Of all the universe was lame  
To that one figure could I draw  
Or give least line of it a law.



ISCELLANY OF  
SONG, IN WHICH  
ARE INCLUDED  
SONGS OF THE  
UNIVERSITIES AND SONGS  
OF PURE NONSENSE, BE-  
ING THE TENTH PART OF  
THE SONG BOOK OF THE  
GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

## THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

Dorsetshire Traditional.



1. I'll sing you one, oh!

Green grow the rushes, oh!

What is your one, oh?

One and one is all alone, and evermore shall be so.



2. I'll sing you two, oh!

Green grow the rushes, oh!

What is your two, oh?

Two, two for the lily white boys, clothed all in green, oh!

One and one is all alone, &c.

3. I'll sing you three, oh!

Green grow the rushes, oh!

What is your three, oh?

Three, three for the rivals;

Two, two for the, &c.

One and one is all alone, &c.

4. I'll sing you four, oh!

Green grow the rushes, oh!

What is your four, oh?

Four for the Gospel-makers.

5. Five for the symbol at your door.

6. Six for the six proud walkers.

7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky.

8. Eight for the eight bold rainers. (Or rangers.)

9. Nine for the nine bright shiners.

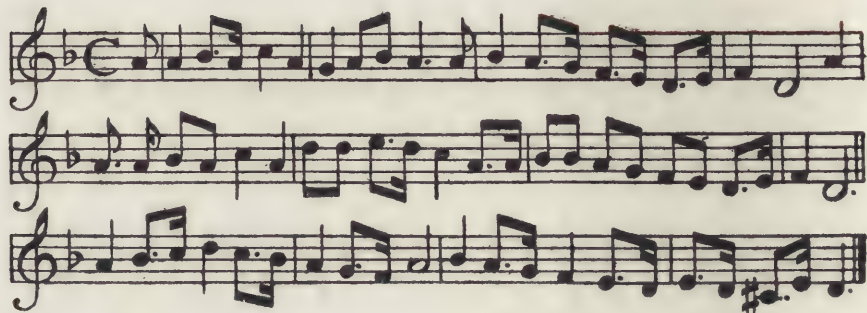
10. Ten for the ten commandments.

11. Eleven for the eleven that went up to heaven.

12. Twelve for the twelve apostles.

## JORDAN.

Attributed to Chartist times.



I looked in the east, I looked in the west,  
For Fortune a chance to me accordin';  
But Fortune is a blind god flyin' in the clouds,  
Forgettin' me on this side o' Jordan.

Pull off your old coat, and roll up your sleeves:  
Life is a hard road to travel, I believes.

Thunder in the clouds, and lightnin' in the trees,  
Shelter to my head no leaf affordin',  
Battered by the hailstones, beaten by the breeze:  
That's my lot on this side o' Jordan.

Pull off your old coat, and roll up your sleeves:  
Life is a hard road to travel, I believes.

Silver spoons to some mouths, golden spoons to others,  
Providence unequally awardin'.

Dash it!—though they tells us all of us be brothers;  
Don't see it clearly, this side o' Jordan.

Pull off your old coat, and roll up your sleeves:  
Life is a hard road to travel, I believes.

Like a ragged owlet, with its wings expanded,  
Nailed against a garden door or hoardin',  
That am I, by good fôlk, as a rascal branded;  
Never hurted none o' this side Jordan.

Pull up your old coat, and roll up your sleeves:  
Life is a hard road to travel, I believes.

Aloft a pretty cherub, patchin' up of blunders,  
My troubles and distresses is recordin'.  
Will there come a whirlabout? better times, I wonders,  
E'en to me, on t'other side o' Jordan?

Pull off your old coat, and roll up your sleeves:  
Life is a hard road to travel, I believes.

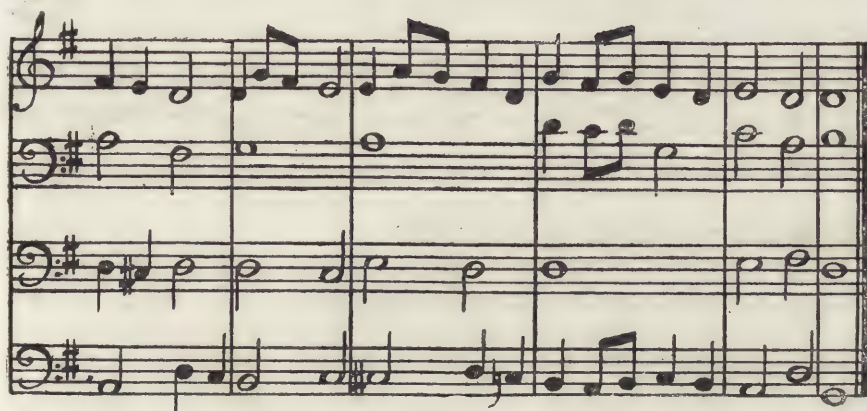


## JASPAR'S DIRGE.

From "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (Beaumont and Fletcher). Air by Janet E. Ashbee.

For Four Voices.

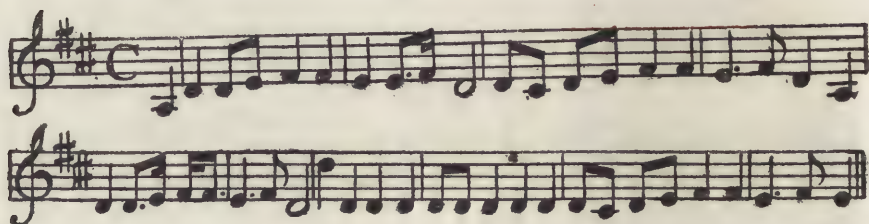
The musical score is written for four voices, arranged in two systems of four staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs. The first system consists of four staves, with the first two in treble clef and the last two in bass clef. The second system also consists of four staves, with the first two in treble clef and the last two in bass clef. The music is a dirge, characterized by its slow, mournful tempo and the use of the F# key signature.



Come, you whose loves are dead,  
And whiles I sing,  
Weep, and wring  
Every hand, and every head  
Bind with cypress and sad yew;  
Ribands black and candles blue  
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,  
And on his grave  
Let him have  
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;  
Let him have fair flowers enow,  
White and purple, green and yellow,  
For him that was of men most true!

I HAD FOUR BROTHERS. Old English.



I had four brothers over the sea;  
Perrimerri dictum, Domine:  
And they each sent a present unto me;  
Partum Quartum peredecentum,  
Perrimerri dictum, Domine.

The first sent a cherry without any stone;  
Perrimerri dictum, Domine:  
The second sent a chicken without any bone;  
Partum quartum, &c.

The third sent a book that no man can read;  
Perrimerri dictum, Domine:  
The fourth sent a woman that is silent indeed;  
Partum quartum, &c.

When the cherry's in the blossom it hath no stone;  
Perrimerri dictum, Domine:  
When the chicken's in the egg it hath no bone;  
Partum quartum, &c.

When the book's in the press no man it can read;  
Perrimerri dictum, Domine:  
When a woman's lost her head she is silent indeed.  
Partum quartum, &c.



# BOTANY BAY.

1788.



Farewell to Old England for ever,  
Farewell to my rum culls as well;  
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailee,  
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

*Chorus. Singing too~ral li~oor~al li~ad~dity,  
Singing too~ral li~ooral li~ay;  
Singing too~ral li~oor~al li~ad~dity,  
Singing too~ral li~oor~al li~ay.*

There's the Captain as is our Commandier,  
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew,  
There's the first and second-class passengers,  
Knows what we poor convicts go through.

*Chorus. Singing too~ral li~oor~al li~ad~dity, &c.*

'Taint leaving Old England we cares about,  
'Taint cos we mispels what we knows,  
But becos all we light-fingered gentry  
Hops around with a log on our toes.

*Chorus. Singing too~ral li~oor~al li~ad~dity, &c.*

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle~dove!  
I'd soar on my pinions so high,  
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,  
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

*Chorus. Singing too~ral li~oor~al li~ad~dity, &c.*

Now, all my young Dookies and Duchesses,  
Take warning from what I've to say,  
Mind all is your own as you touchesses,  
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

*Chorus. Singing too~ral li~oor~al li~ad~dity, &c.* X.-9

## THE SOULING SONG.

Cheshire Traditional.



A soul! a soul! a soul~cake!  
Please, good missis, a soul~cake!  
An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry,  
Any good thing to make us all merry;  
One for Peter, two for Paul,  
Three for Him who made us all.

God bless the master of this house,  
The mistress also,  
And all the little children  
That round your table grow;  
Likewise young men and maidens,  
Your cattle, and your store,  
And all that dwells within your gates—  
We wish you ten times more.

A soul! a soul! a soul~cake! &c.

Down into the cellar,  
And see what you can find;  
If the barrels are not empty,  
We hope you will prove kind.  
(We hope you will prove kind,  
With your apples and strong beer,  
And we'll come no more a-souling  
Till this time next year.)

A soul! a soul! a soul~cake! &c.

The lanes are very dirty,  
My shoes are very thin,  
I've got a little pocket  
To put a penny in.  
If you haven't got a penny,  
A ha'penny will do;  
If you haven't got a ha'penny,  
It's God bless you!

A soul! a soul! a soul~cake! &c.

#### VARIANT FOR SHROVE TIDE.

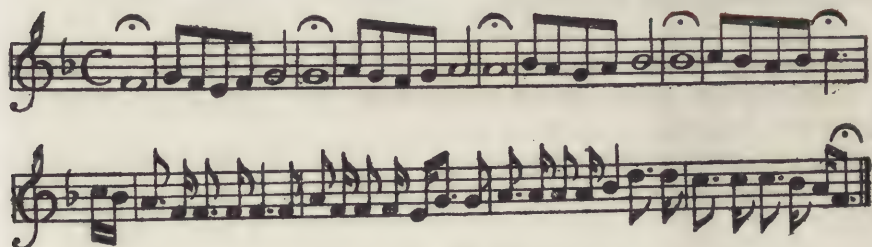
Oxfordshire Traditional.  
As sung by the children at  
Drayton S. Leonard.

Pit, pat, the pan's hot,  
We be come a shroving;  
A bit of bread, a bit of cheese,  
That's better than nothing!  
Eggs and lard and flour's dear,  
Makes me come a-shroving here;  
Up the pitcher, down the pan,  
Give me a penny and I'll be gone.



# LEEDS OLD CHURCH.

Yorkshire Traditional.



When Ah weere at hoam wi' me fāyther and me mother Ah neever  
 had na fūn;  
 They kept me at it fra' morn till neet, so Ah thought from them  
 Ah'd run;  
 Now Leeds' fāir was cooming on, so Ah thought Ah'd have a spree,  
 So Ah puts on me Sunday coat and hat, & Ah went right merrily.  
 With a rumpsy-bumpsy bey, a tool-a-rool-a-raddy,  
 A rumpsy-bumpsy bey, a tool-a-rool-a-raddy.

Furst thing Ah coomed to weere a greeat big mill, Ah'd neever seen  
 yon afore,  
 There were stubbies and jennies and winnies and spinnies, and  
 wheels by many a score;  
 And eevery strap it had a club, and eevery club a strap.  
 "Be goom," says Ah t'iv maister mon, "why yon's a rare strong  
 chap."

With a rumpsy, &c.

And then Ah coomed t'iv Leeds Owd Church, Ah'd na been i'  
 yan i' me days;  
 And Ah almoost felt ashamed o' mesen, for Ah didn't knoa their  
 ways.  
 Theer was twenty or thirty solemn old chaps in toobs and boxes  
 sat;  
 When oop there comes a saucy old man: says he, "Lad, tak of the  
 'at."

With a rumpsy, &c.

And then theer came a great Lord Mayor, and o'er his shoulders  
a cloob;  
And 'e donned on a white sack poke, and sat i' topmost toob;  
And then theer came another feller, & Ah think they called 'im  
Ned;  
And 'e gat into t'a bottomest toob, & 'e mocked what t'other chap  
said.

*With a rumpsy, &c.*

And then they began to preach and praay, they praayed for  
George our king;  
When oop jumps chap i' topmost toob: says 'e, "Good foalks, let's  
sing."  
And Ah thoought soom sang very well, and others did grunt and  
groan;  
And eevery one sang what they pleased, so Ah sang "Bob and  
Joan."

*With a rumpsy, &c.*

And soa when ta preaching and ta praying was o'er, and foalks  
were going awa',  
Ah goas to chap in t'a bottomest toob: says Ah, "Mon, what's to  
pay"?  
"Why nought, melad," says 'e; by goom, & Ah was that right fain  
That Ah collared hold o' me ould club stick, and goes whistling  
out again.

*With a rumpsy, &c.*

## THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

Words, 17th century.  
Air: 'Old Leeds Church,' with new chorus.

Chorus:



An old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;

Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;  
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,  
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor  
pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;

Like an old courtier, &c.



With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by  
his looks.

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks:

*Like an old courtier, &c.*

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,  
With old swords, & bucklers, that had borne many shrewde  
blows,

And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,  
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;

*Like an old courtier, &c.*

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,  
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,  
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,

*Like an old courtier, &c.*

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,  
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,  
And when he died gave every child a thousand good  
pounds;

*Like an old courtier, &c.*

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,  
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,  
To be good to his old tenants, & to his neighbours be kind:  
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd;

Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,  
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,  
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,  
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,  
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or  
care,  
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,  
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens  
hair;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,  
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,  
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal  
nor wood,  
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals never  
stood;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,  
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,  
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five  
days,  
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, & toys;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,  
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,  
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

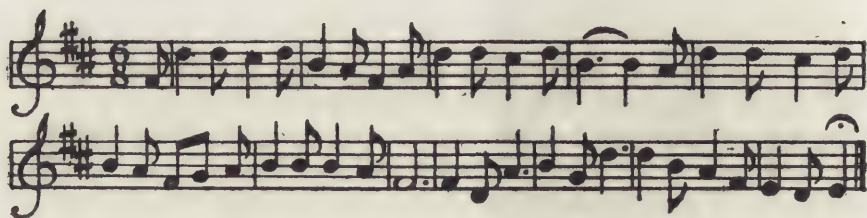
With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,  
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the  
meat,  
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,  
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,  
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold;  
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,  
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so  
cold,

Among the young courtiers of the king,  
Or the king's young courtiers.



## THE BEGGAR MAN.



'Tis of a ragged beggar man, came tripping o'er the plain;  
He came unto a farmer's door, a lodging good to gain.

Rom~be~low, zingare, Rom~be~low, below~below.

The farmer he came out to view, and looked the man around;  
Said he, "For ragged beggar men no shelter here is found."

Rom~be~low, &c.

The daughter saw the beggar man, and, moved with pity, she  
Said, "Father, sure this beggar man is other than you see!"

Rom~be~low, &c.

The daughter sent him to the barn to make his bed in hay;  
She made it soft and easy that in comfort he might lay.

Rom~be~low, &c.

She went into her father's house, and fetched him bread & wine;  
She gave him of her father's clothes, all silver-laced and fine.

Rom~be~low, &c.

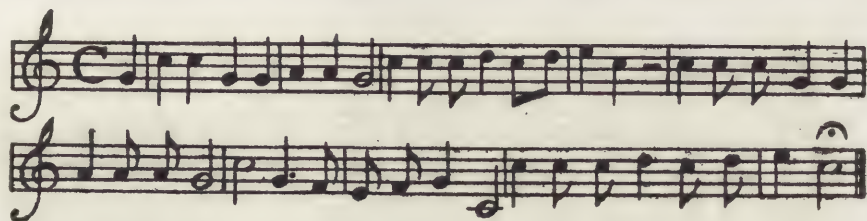
She locked him in; but, when she went to let him out at dawn,  
With wine & clothes, all laced and fine, the beggar man was gone.

Rom~be~low, &c.

Her father laughed a mocking laugh: "Thou art a silly fool  
To feed and clothe a beggar man that fasts and goeth cool.

Rom~below, zingare, Rom~be~low, below~below.

## THE CARRION CROW.



A carrion crow sat on an oak,  
Hey derry down derry dido:  
Watching a tailor mending his cloak;  
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,  
Hey derry down derry dido.

O wife, O wife, bring here my bow,  
Hey derry down derry dido:  
That I may shoot this carrion crow;  
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,  
Hey derry down derry dido.

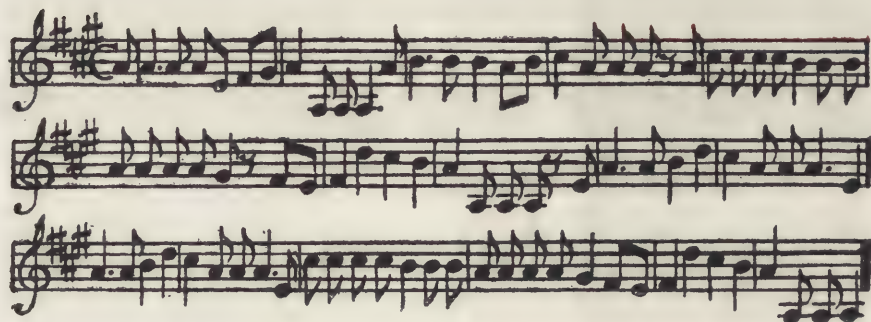
The tailor he fired, but missed his mark;  
Hey derry down derry dido:  
For he shot his old sow right bang through the heart;  
Caw! caw! the carrion crow;  
Hey derry down derry dido.

O wife, O wife, bring some brandy in a spoon;  
Hey derry down derry dido:  
For our old sow is fallen down in a swoon;  
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,  
Hey derry down derry dido.

The old sow died, and the bell did toll;  
Hey derry down derry dido:  
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul;  
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,  
Hey derry down derry dido.

# KING ARTHUR.

Lancashire Traditional.



King Arthur had three sons—that he had;  
King Arthur had three sons—that he had;  
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them out of door  
Because they could not sing—that he did.

Chorus. Because they could not sing—that he did;  
Because they could not sing—that he did;  
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them out of door  
Because they could not sing—that he did.



The first he was a miller—that he was;  
The second he was a weaver—that he was;  
And the third he was a little tailor boy,  
And he was mighty clever—that he was.

Chorus. And he was mighty, &c.

Now the miller stole some grist for his mill—that he did;  
And the weaver stole some wool for his loom—that he did;  
And the little tailor boy, he stole some corduroy  
For to keep those three rogues warm—that he did.

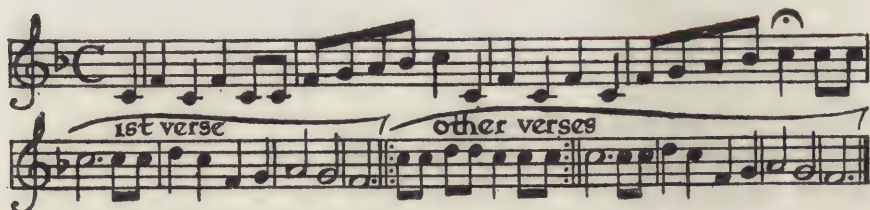
Chorus. For to keep, &c.

Oh! the miller he was drowned in his dam—that he was;  
And the weaver he was killed at his loom—that he was;  
And old Nick he cut his stick with the little tailor boy  
With the broad cloth under his arm—that he did.

Chorus. With the broad cloth under his arm—that he did.

## THE TREE IN THE VALLEY.

Devonshire Traditional.



There was a tree, and a very fine tree,  
As fine a tree as ever you did see,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

There was a branch, and a very fine branch,  
As fine a branch as ever you did see;  
And the branch was on the tree,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

There was a twig, and a very fine twig,  
As fine a twig as ever you did see;  
And the twig was on the branch,  
And the branch was on the tree,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

There was a nest, and a very fine nest,  
As fine a nest as ever you did see;  
And the nest was on the twig,  
And the twig was on the branch,  
And the branch was on the tree,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

There was an egg, and a very fine egg,  
As fine an egg as ever you did see;  
And the egg was in the nest,  
And the nest was on the twig,  
And the twig was on the branch,  
And the branch was on the tree,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

There was a chick, and a very fine chick,  
As fine a chick as ever you did see;  
And the chick was in the egg,  
And the egg was in the nest,  
And the nest was on the twig,  
And the twig was on the branch,  
And the branch was on the tree,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

There was a leg, and a very fine leg,  
As fine a leg as ever you did see;  
And the leg was on the chick,  
And the chick was in the egg,  
And the egg was in the nest,  
And the nest was on the twig,  
And the twig was on the branch,  
And the branch was on the tree,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

There was a claw, and a very fine claw,  
As fine a claw as ever you did see;  
And the claw was on the leg,  
And the leg was on the chick,  
And the chick was in the egg,  
And the egg was in the nest,  
And the nest was on the twig,  
And the twig was on the branch,  
And the branch was on the tree,  
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!



## MERRYTHOUGHT'S SONG.

Air: In the merry month of May. Words from the 'Knight of the Burning Pestle.'



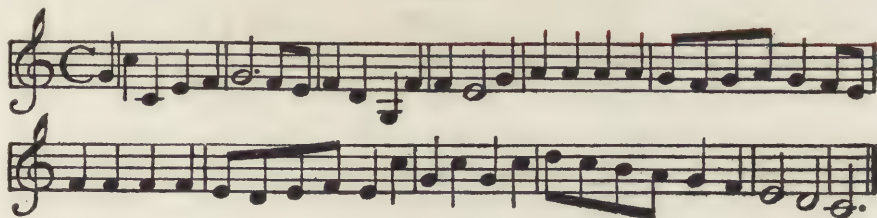
'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,  
More than wine, or sleep, or food;  
Let each man keep his heart at ease—  
No man dies of that disease.  
He that would his body keep  
From diseases must not weep;  
But whoever laughs and sings  
Never he his body brings  
Into fevers, gout, or rheums,  
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes,  
Or meets with aches in the bone,  
Or cattarrhs or griping stone;  
But contented lives for aye;  
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Better music ne'er was known  
Than a quire of hearts in one.  
Let each other, that hath been  
Troubled with the gall or spleen,  
Learn of us to keep his brow  
Smooth and plain, as ours are now:  
Sing, though before the hour of dying;  
He shall rise, and then be crying,  
"Hey, ho, 'tis naught but mirth  
That keeps the body from the earth!"

## THE CAMPDEN SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Words by C. R. Ashbee. 1904.

Air: 'Gossip Joan'—from 'The Beggars' Opera.'



**First Gossip:** Good morrow, Gossip Joan,  
**Second Gossip:** O whither are you walking?  
I've brought for you from home,  
Like "four ale" fresh with foam,  
**Both Gossips:** A budget full of talking.

**Gossip Joan.**

**Second Gossip:** The sun shines as of old—  
**First Gossip:** Shall we chat about the weather?  
**Second Gossip:** You hearken, I'll unfold;  
**First Gossip:** I'll mock, and you shall scold;  
**Both Gossips:** We'll praise our friends together.


**Gossip Joan.**

**First Gossip:** The Parson's much the same,  
**Second Gossip:** Sure the best of creeds estranges!  
**First Gossip:** When a Parson plays the game  
He puts us all to shame—  
**Both Gossips:** And a Parson seldom changes.  
Gossip Joan.

**First Gossip:** Though love be crimped and curled,  
All love's akin to blindness,  
**Second Gossip:** And, sure, we love the world,  
**First Gossip:** The wicked, witty world,  
**Both Gossips:** For all its Christian kindness.  
Gossip Joan.

**Second Gossip:** What though we preach and thump,  
And talk of "Hell fur sartin!"  
**First Gossip:** Your ace of hearts I'll trump,  
**Second Gossip:** Here's to our village pump—  
**Both Gossips:** My eye and Betty Martin!  
Gossip Joan.



First Gossip: Miss Prim  cries "Dear, oh! dear!"  
Second Gossip: Mrs. Pry sniffs "Oh! how shocking!"  
First Gossip: While calling soft and clear  
Over meadow, copse, and mere  
Both Gossips: The gay cuckoo keeps mocking.  
Gossip Joan.

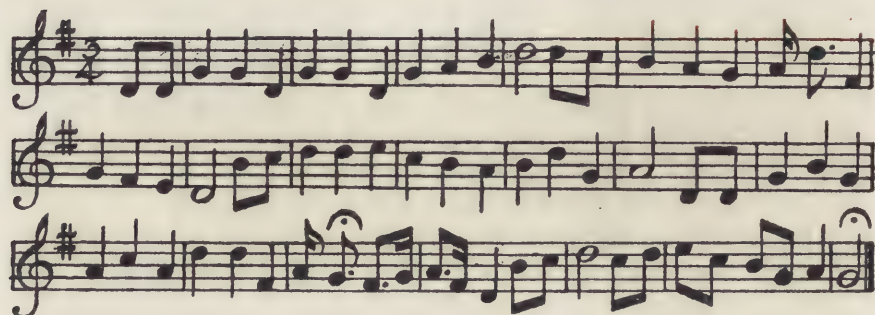
Second Gossip: D'ye think the world's as good  
As it was when we were younger?  
First Gossip: I'm not so understood.  
Both Gossips: A bite of scandal's food  
Will satisfy our hunger.  
Gossip Joan.

First Gossip: What next I wonder, pray?  
Has the old pump lost its handle?  
Second Gossip: Go, Gossip, go thy way,  
I'll hear no more to-day  
Both Gossips: Of the Campden School for Scandal.  
Gossip Joan.

 Any neighbour's name may be inserted here.

# PEACE-EGGING SONG.

Lancashire Traditional.



Here's two or three jolly lads all in one mind,  
We are comed a~peace~egging, & I hope you'll prove kind;  
And I hope you'll prove kind, with your eggs & strong beer,  
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year.

Fol~de~rol~de~ray, fol~de~ray, fol~de~riddle, addle~i~o.

O the next that comes in is Lord Nelson, you'll see,  
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied down to his knee;  
And a star on his breast like silver doth shine—  
And I hope you'll remember it's peace~egging time.

Fol~de~rol~de~ray, &c.

O the next that comes in is a jolly Jack Tar,  
He sailed with Lord Nelson a~during last war;  
He's arrived from the sea old England to view,  
And he's comed a~peace~egging with our jovial crew.

Fol~de~rol~de~ray, &c.

O the next that comes in is Lord Collingwood,  
He fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood;  
He fought with Lord Nelson through sorrow and woe—  
And I hope you'll reward us before we do go.

Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

O the next that comes in is old Tossplot you see,  
He's a valiant old man in every degree;  
He's a valiant old man, and he wears a pig-tail,  
But all his delight is in drinking mulled ale.

Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

Then in come old miser, all with her brown bags;  
For fear of her money she wears her old rags.  
So mind what you're doing and see that all's right;  
If you give nought, we'll take nought, farewell & good night.

Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

Come ladies and gentlemen that sits by the fire,  
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire;  
Put your hands in your pockets and pull out your purse,  
And give us a trifle, you'll not be much worse.

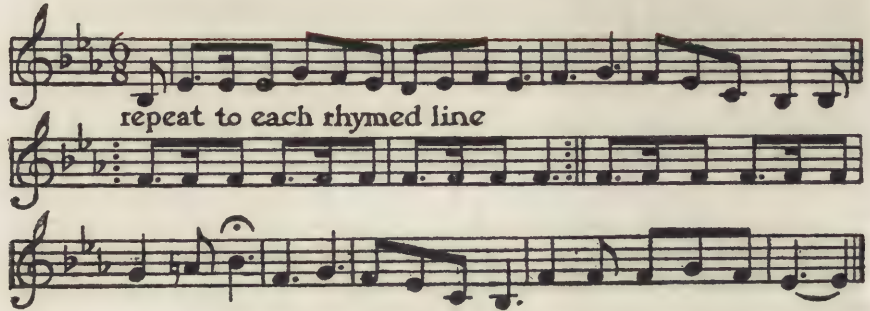
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.



## THE OLD PALACE OF BOW.

(The Song of the Watch Committee.)

Words and Air by C. R. Ashbee. 1894. To commemorate the destruction of the old Palace of Bromley by Bow by the notorious School Board of that year.



Once there was an old Palace of Bow,

**Bow, Bow, Bow, Bow.**

Built many hundreds of years ago,  
Made such a statély wonderful show,  
With ten tall chimbeleys all of a row—  
But where is it now, I should like to know?

**Chorus. Oh, oh, oh, oh, Watch Committee says oh!**

For it stood in Queen Bess's "æsthetical day,"

**Day, day, day, day.**

When we wore silks and danced under the May,  
And or ever before we'd forgotten the way  
How to build splendidly, as who should say,  
Before there were architects, don't you see—eh?


**Chorus. Yea, yea, yea, yea, Watch Committee says yea!**

But a crochetty crank County Council it came,  
Came, came, came, came.  
Or a local committee—I don't know it's name—  
Or a School Board for London (it's much the same),  
And perpetrated a deed of shame.


Chorus. Shame, shame, shame, shame, Watch Committee  
says shame!

For they sent down their Architect perky and spry,  
Spry, spry, spry, spry.  
Top hat and broolly and two shilling fly,  
Pompous report and specified lie,  
Who said with a business-like wink in his eye  
That he saw no good in it, so it might die—  
For he was a certified Architect, fie!  
F. R. I. A. S. S. F. R. B. I.

Chorus. Fie, fie, fie, fie, Watch Committee says fie!

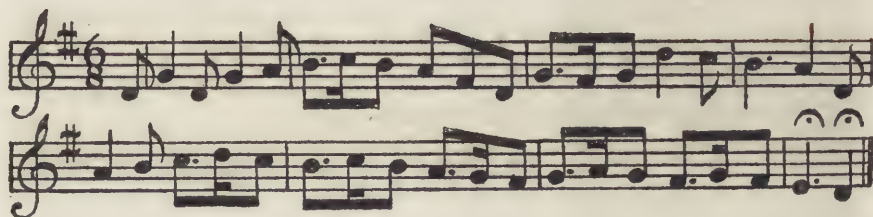
Now Joshua Binns  is no innocent lamb;  
Lamb, lamb, lamb, lamb.  
He knows all about it, you bet! the old clam:  
For the Palace is gone, and most mournful I am;  
For now it's all girders and shoddy and sham—  
So any such Philistine folly let's damn.

Chorus. Damn, damn, damn, damn, Watch Committee says  
damn!

 Here the Committee inserts musically the name of the  
dealer who purchased the old material which was subse-  
quently resold to the Nation for a great price.

# JOG ON, JOG ON.

Words by Shakespeare.



Jog on, jog on the foot pathway,  
And merrily hent the stile~a,  
Your merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile~a.

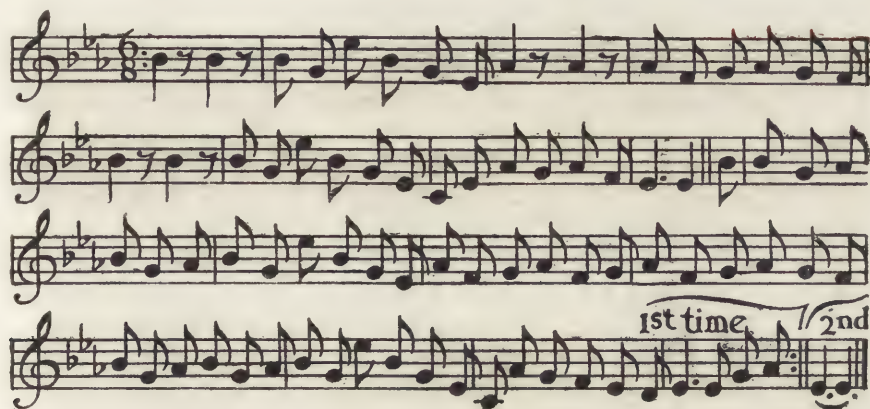
Your paltry money~bags of gold—  
What need have we to stare for,  
When little or nothing soon is told,  
And we have the less to care for?

Then cast away care, let sorrow cease,  
A fig for melancholy;  
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,  
We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.



# OH! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Air, 16th Century.



Oh! dear, what can the matter be?  
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?  
Oh! dear, what can the matter be?  
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,  
And then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he would tease me,  
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

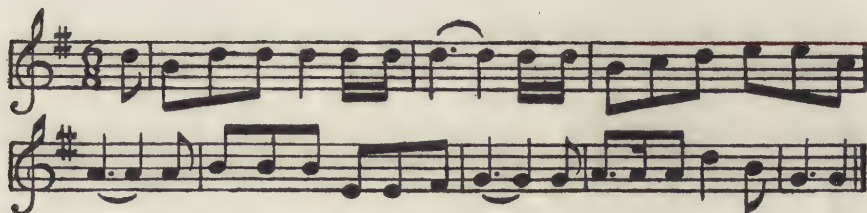
And its Oh! dear, &c.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,  
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,  
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons,  
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

And its Oh! dear, &c.

## THE SILLY OLD MAN.

West Country Traditional.



Aw! Come now, I'll sing you a song,  
'Tis a song of right merry intent,  
Concerning a silly old man,  
Who went for to pay his rent,

Singing: Too ra la loo ra loo,  
Ri too ra la loo ra loo.  
Too ra la loo ra loo,  
Ri too ra la loo ra loo.

And as this here silly old man,  
Was riding along a lane,  
A Gentleman~thief overtook him,  
Saying "Well overtaken old man."

Singing: Too ra la, &c.

"What! well overtaken, do'y say?"  
"Yes, well overtaken," quoth he.  
"No, no," said the silly old man,  
"I don't want thy company."

Singing: Too ra la, &c.

"I am only a silly old man,  
I farm but a parcel of ground,  
And I am going to the landlord to pay,  
My rent which is just forty pounds."

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

"But supposing a highway~man stopped you?  
For the rascals are many, men say,  
And take all the money from off you  
As you ride on the king's highway?"

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

"What! supposing some fellow should stop me?  
Why badly the thief would be sped.  
For the money I carry about me  
In the quilt o' my saddle is hid."

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

And as they were riding along,  
Along and along the green lane,  
The Gentleman~thief rode afore him  
And summoned the old man to stand.

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

But the old man was crafty and cunning,  
As, I wot, in the world there be many,  
Pitched his saddle clean over the hedge,  
Saying, "Fetch'n if thou woulds't have any."

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

Then the thief being thirsty for gold,  
And eager to get at his bags,  
He dra'ed out his rusty old sword,  
And chopped up the saddle to rags.

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*



The old man slipped off his old mare,  
And mounted the thief's horse astride,  
Clapp'd spur, and put him in a gallop,  
Saying "I, without teaching, can ride."

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

When he to his landlord's had come,  
That old man was almost a-spent,  
Says he, "Landlord, provide me a room,  
I be come for to pay up my rent."

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

He opened the thief his portmantle,  
And there was a sight to behold,  
There were five hundred pounds in silver,  
And five hundred pounds in gold.

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

And as he was on his way home,  
And riding along the same lane,  
He seed—his silly old mare,  
Tied up to the hedge by the mane.

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

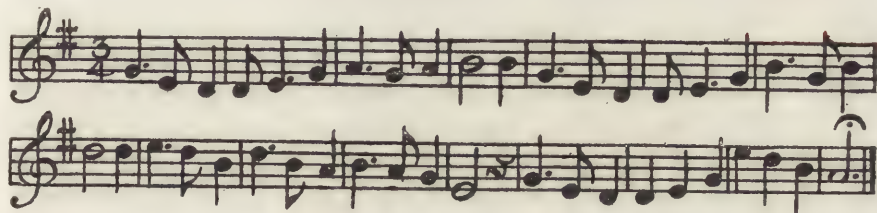
He loosed his old mare from the hedge,  
As she of the grass there did crib,  
He gi'ed her a whack o' the broad o' the back,  
Saying "Follow me home, old Tib."

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

Aw! When to his home he were come  
His daughter he dress'd like a duchess,  
And his ol' woman kicked and she capered for joy,  
And at Christmas danced jigs on her crutches.

*Singing: Too ra la, &c.*

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL. Old Scottish Ballad.



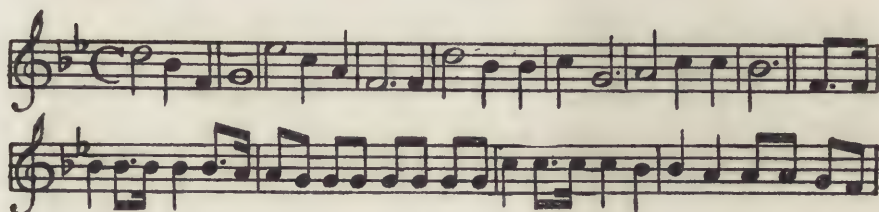
High upon Hielands and laigh upon Tay  
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day,  
Wi' saddle and bridle sae gallant to see;  
—Hame came his guid horse but never cam' he.

Doun cam' his mither dear greetin' fu' sair,  
And out ran his bonnie bride rivin' her hair;  
“My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,  
My barn is to bigg and my babe is unborn.”

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he,  
A plume in his helmit, a sword at his knee;  
But toom cam' his saddle a' bluidy to see,  
Hame cam' his guid horse but never cam' he.

# COCK ROBIN.

Traditional.



Who kill'd Cock Robin?  
I, said the Sparrow, with my bow and arrow,  
I kill'd Cock Robin.

All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,  
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin,  
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.  
Tra la, tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,  
Tra la, tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

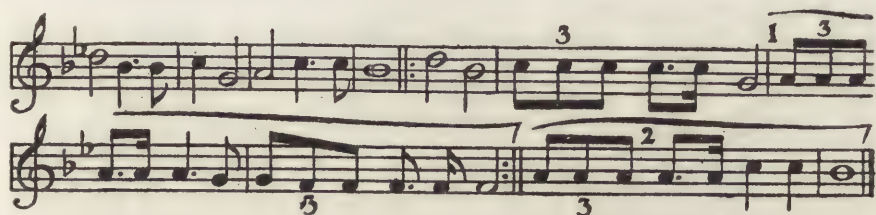
Who saw him die?  
I, said the Fly, with my little eye,  
I saw him die.

All the birds of the air, &c.

Who caught his blood?  
I, said the Fish, with my little dish,  
I caught his blood.

All the birds of the air, &c.





Who'll make his shroud?  
 I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle,  
 I'll make his shroud.

*All the birds of the air, &c.*

Who'll bear the torch?  
 I, said the Linnet, I'll come in a minute,  
 I'll bear the torch.

*All the birds of the air, &c.*

Who'll be the clerk?  
 I, said the Lark, I'll say Amen in the dark,  
 I'll be the clerk.

*All the birds of the air, &c.*

Who'll dig his grave?  
 I, said the Owl, with my spade and shawl,  
 I'll dig his grave.

*All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,  
 When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin,  
 When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.  
 Tra la, tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,  
 Tra la, tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.*

Who'll be the parson?  
I, said the Rook, with my bell and book,  
I'll be the parson.

All the birds of the air, &c.

Who'll be chief mourner?  
I, said the Dove, I mourn for my love,  
I'll be chief mourner.

All the birds of the air, &c.

Who'll sing his dirge?  
I, said the Thrush, as I sing in a bush,  
I'll sing his dirge.

All the birds of the air, &c.

Who'll carry his coffin?  
I, said the Kite, if it be in the night,  
I'll carry his coffin.

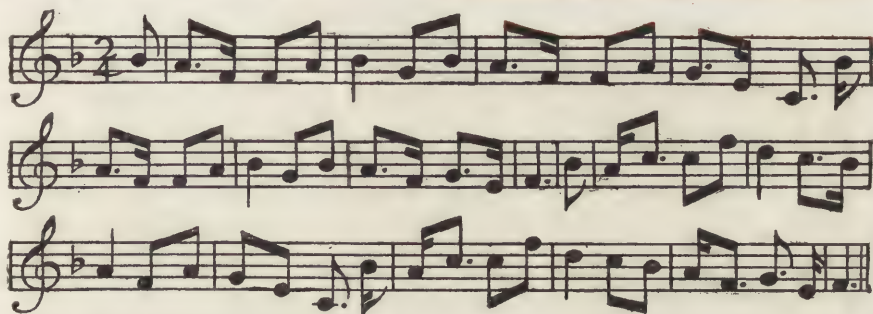
All the birds of the air, &c.

Who'll toll the bell?  
I, said the Bull, because I can pull,  
I'll toll the bell.

All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,  
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin,  
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.  
Tra la, tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,  
Tra la, tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

# THE KEEL ROW.

Newcastle Traditional. 1765.



As I came thro' Sandgate,  
Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,  
As I came thro' Sandgate,  
I heard a lassie sing:

"O weel may the keel row,  
The keel row, the keel row,  
O weel may the keel row,  
That my laddie's in."

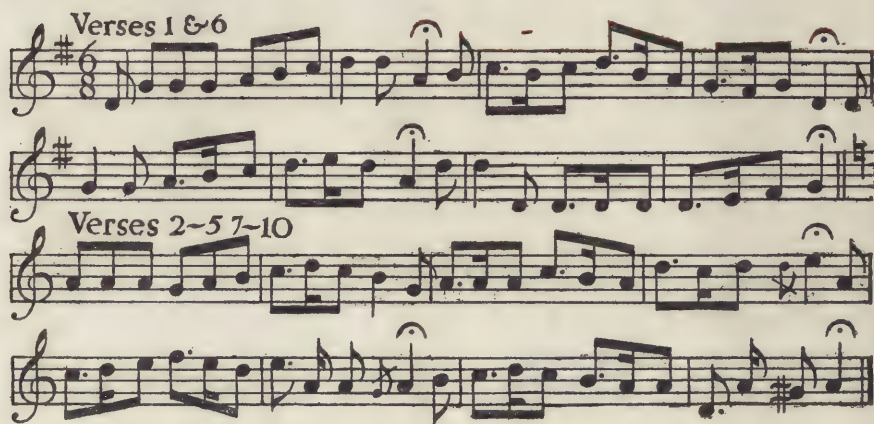
O wha's like my Johnny,  
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny?  
He's foremost among the mony  
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne:  
He'll set and row so tightly,  
Or in the dance—so sprightly—  
He'll cut and shuffle sightly;  
'Tis true—were he not mine.

He wears a blue bonnet,  
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet;  
He wears a blue bonnet,—  
A dimple in his chin:  
And weel may the keel row,  
The keel row, the keel row;  
And weel may the keel row,  
That my laddie's in.



## SCARBOROUGH FAIR.

Yorkshire, North Riding Traditional.



Is any of you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Remember me to a lad as lives there,  
Remember me to a lad as lives there;  
For once he was a true lover of mine.

Tell him to bring me an acre of land  
Betwixt the wild ocean and yonder sea sand,  
Betwixt the wild ocean and yonder sea sand;  
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to plough it with one ram's horn,  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn;  
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to reap it with sickle of leather,  
And bind it together with one peacock feather,  
And bind it together with one peacock feather:  
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.

And now I have answered your questions three,  
I hope you'll answer as many for me,  
I hope you'll answer as many for me;  
And then thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

Is any of you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Remember me to a lass as lives there,  
Remember me to a lass as lives there;  
For once she was a true lover of mine.

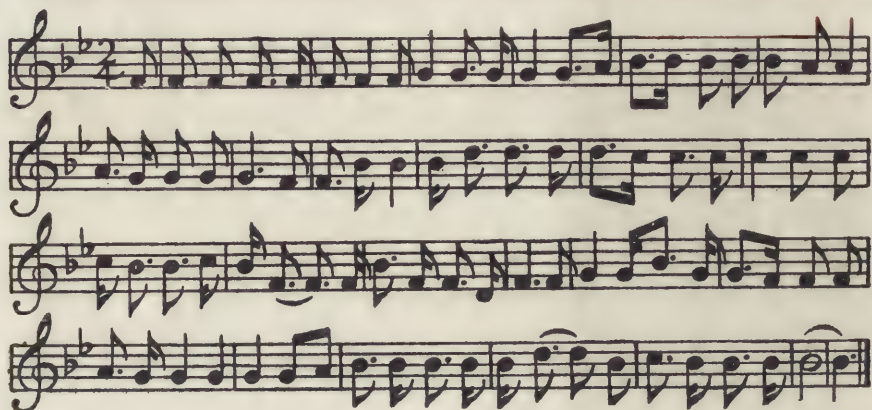
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Without any needles or thread or owt through't,  
Without any needles or thread or owt through't;  
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to wash it by yonder wall  
Where water ne'er sprung, nor a drop o' rain fall,  
Where water ne'er sprung, nor a drop o' rain fall;  
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Where blossom ne'er grew sin' Adam was born,  
Where blossom ne'er grew sin' Adam was born;  
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

And now I have answered your questions three,  
And I hope you'll answer as many for me,  
And I hope you'll answer as many for me;  
And then thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

THE BONNIE EARL O' MORAY. Old Scottish Ballad.



Ye Hielands and ye Lawlands,  
O, whar ha'e ye been?  
They ha'e slain the Earl o' Moray,  
And laid him on the green.  
He was a braw gallant,  
And he rade at the ring;  
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray  
He might hae been a king.

O, lang will his ladye look frae the Castle Doune  
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soundin' through  
the toun.

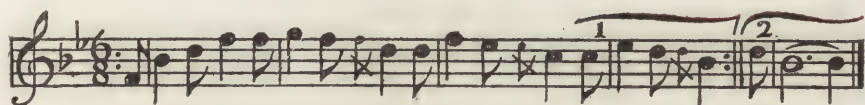
O, wae betide ye, Huntly,  
And wherefore did ye sae?  
I bade ye bring him wi' you,  
And forbad ye him to slay,  
He was a braw gallant,  
And he played at the glove;  
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray,  
He was the Queen's love.

O, lang will his ladye look frae the Castle Doune  
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soundin' through  
the toun.



# THE TWA CORBIES.

Old Scottish Ballad.



As I was walking a' alane,  
I heard twa corbies makin' their mane;  
The tane did tae the tither say  
"Oh whar sall we twa dine the day?"

Fal lal delal delal de lay.

Fal lal delal delal de lay.

"Oh doun ahint yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new~slain knight;  
And nae yin kens that he lies there  
But his hawk, his hound, and his ladye fair."

Fal lal, &c.

"His hound is to the huntin' gane,  
His hawk tae fetch the muir~fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en anither mate,  
An' oh but we'll mak oor denner sweet."

Fal lal, &c.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause~bane,  
And I'll pike oot his bonnie blue e'en;  
Wi' an' lock o' his gowden hair  
We'll theek oor nest when it grows bare."

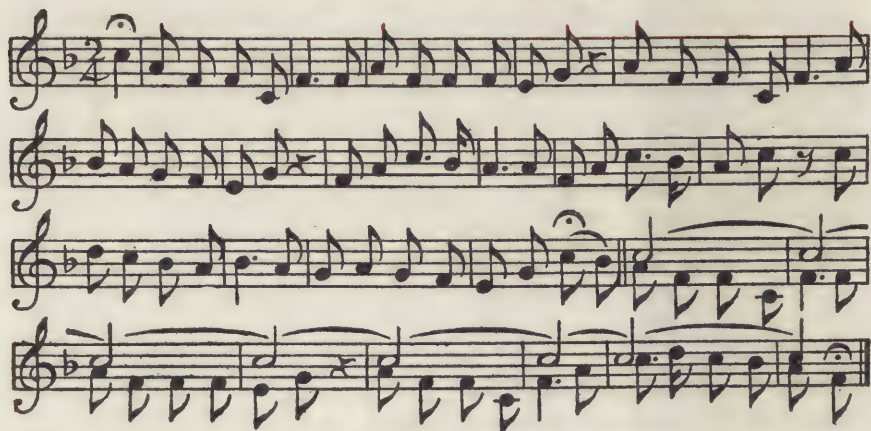
Fal lal, &c.

"Mony a ane for him mak's mane,  
But nae sall ken whar he is gane;  
Owre his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Fal lal, &c.

## THE MASSACRE OF MACPHERSON.

Words from "The Bon Gaultier Ballads."



Oh! Fhairshon swore a feud  
Against ta clan Mac-Tavish,  
Marched into their land  
To murder and to ravish;  
For he did resolve  
To extirpate ta fipers,  
With four and twenty men,  
And five and thirty pipers. Oh!

*Cia mar tha sibh an diugh*  
*Gheibh sibh deoch an dorus*  
*Well, tha mi coma*  
*And that's the Gaelic chorus.*

But when he had gone  
Half-way down Strath Canaan,  
Of his fighting tail  
Just three were remainin',  
They were all he had  
To back him in ta battle,  
All the rest had gone  
Off to drive ta cattle.

*Cia mar, &c.*

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,  
"So my clan disgraced is;  
Lads, we'll need to fight  
Pefore we touch ta peasties.  
Here's Mhic Mac Methuselah  
Comin' wi' his fassals,  
Ghillies seventy-three  
And sixty Dhuine-wassails."

*Cia mar, &c.*

"Coot tay to you, sir;  
Are you not ta Fairshon?  
Was you comin' here  
To fisit any person?  
You're a plackguard, sir!  
It is now six hunded  
Coot long years, and more,  
Since my glen was plundered."

*Cia mar, &c.*

"Fat is tat you say?  
Dare you cock your peaver?  
I will teach you, sir,  
Fat is coot pehaviour!  
You shall not exist  
For another day more;  
I will shoot you, sir,  
Or stap you with my claymore."

*Cia mar tha sibh an diugh  
Gheibh sibh deoch an dorus  
Well, tha mi coma  
And that's the Gaelic chorus.*



"I am fery glad  
To learn what you mention,  
Since I can prevent  
Any such intention."  
So Mhic Mac Methuselah  
Gave some warlike howls,  
Trew his skhian~dhu,  
An' stuck it in his powels.

*Cia mar, &c.*

In this fery way  
Tied ta faliant Fairshon,  
Who was always thought  
A most superior person.  
Fhairshon had a son  
Who married Noah's daughter,  
And nearly spoiled ta flood  
By trinking up ta water.

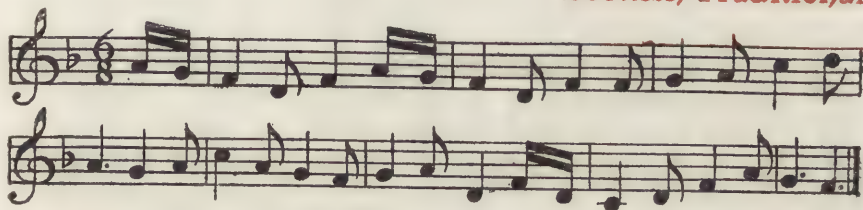
*Cia mar, &c.*

Which he would have done—  
I, at least, believe it—  
Had ta mixture peen  
Only half Glenlivet.  
This is all my tale,  
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye.  
Here's your fery coot healths,  
And tamn ta whusky duty!

*Cia mar tha sibh an diugh  
Gheibh sibh deoch an dorus  
Well, tha mi coma  
And that's the Gaelic chorus*

## WILLIE'S RARE AN' WILLIE'S FAIR.

Scottish Traditional.



Oh, Willie's rare an' Willie's fair  
An' Willie's wondrous bonnie,  
An' Willie's hecht tae marry me,  
Gin ere he marry ony.

Oh, cam' ye by the meadow green,  
Pu'd ye the rose or lily,  
Or cam' ye by the water side,  
An' saw ye my sweet Willie?

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
This nicht I'll mak' it narrow,  
For a' the lee lang winter's nicht  
I'll lie twined o' my marrow.

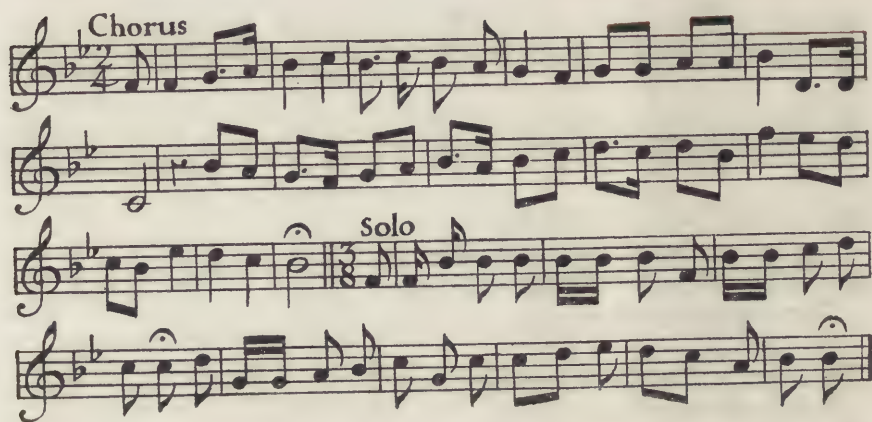
She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow,  
Syne in the cleftin' o' a craig  
She fand him drooned in Yarrow.

She's tane twa strands o' her gowden hair  
That hung sae lang an' narrow,  
An' tied them round her lover's waist,  
An' pu'd him oot o' Yarrow.

Oh, Willie's rare an' Willie's fair  
An' Willie's wonderous bonnie,  
An' Willie's hecht tae marry me,  
Gin ere he marry ony.

## THE PADSTOW MAY SONG.

Cornish Traditional.



Chorus. Unite and unite, now let us all unite,  
For summer is a come in to-day;  
And whither we are going we will all go in white,  
In the merry morning of May.

Solo. And for to fetch the summer home,  
The summer and the May, O;  
For summer is a come in,  
And winter is away, O.

Chorus. Unite and unite, &c.

Solo. Go to the green wood, youths every one,  
The summer and the May, O,  
To fetch the May-bush home,  
And winter is away, O.

Chorus. Unite and unite, &c.



Solo. Where are the young men that should dance?  
The summer and the May, O,  
Some are away in France,  
And winter is away, O.

Chorus. Unite and unite, &c.

Solo. Where are the maidens that should sing?  
The summer and the May, O;  
They're all gone flower gathering,  
And winter is away, O.

Chorus. Unite and unite, &c.

Solo. Young men of Padstow, ye co'd,  
The Summer and the May, O;  
Gild you a ship all of gold,  
And winter is away, O.

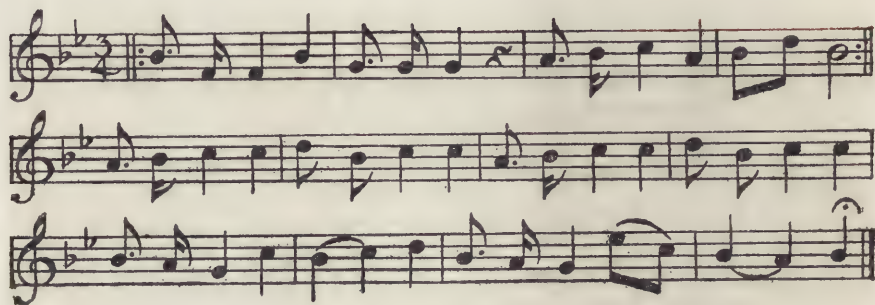
Chorus. Unite and unite, &c.

Solo. Young maids of Padstow, ye might,  
The summer and the May, O,  
Weave you a garland of white,  
And winter is away, O.

Chorus. Unite and unite, &c.

# GAUDEAMUS.

Mediaeval Traditional.



Gaudeamus igitur,  
Juvenes dum sumus:  
Post jocundam juventutem,  
Post molestant senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus.

Vivat Academia  
Vivant Professores!  
Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
Vivant membra quælibet,  
Semper sint in flore!

Ubi sunt qui ante nos  
In mundo fuisse?  
Vadite ad superos,  
Transite ad inferos,  
Ubi jam? fuisse!

Vivat et respublica  
Et qui illam regit!  
Vivat nostra civitas,  
Mæcenatum caritas,  
Quæ nos hic protegit!

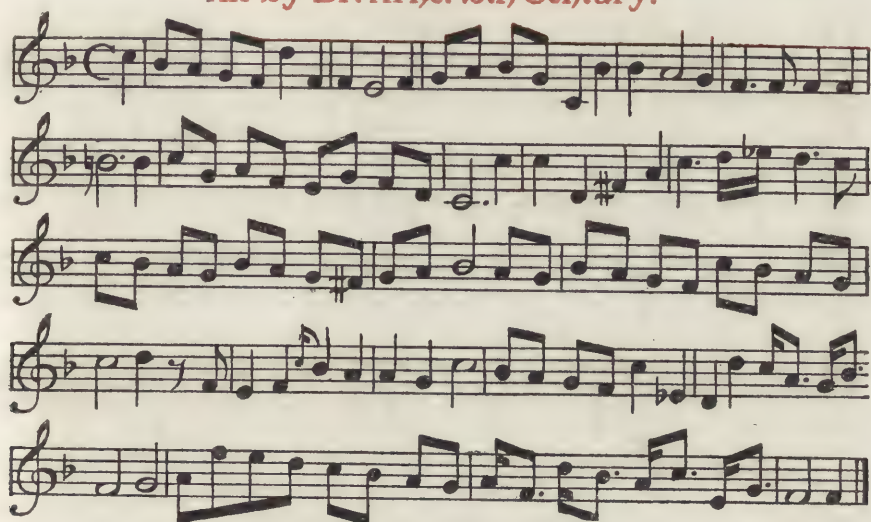
Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur;  
Venit mors velociter,  
Rapit nos atrociter,  
Nemini parcetur.

Vivant omnes virgines,  
Faciles, formosæ!  
Vivant et mulieres,  
Teneræ, amabiles,  
Bonæ, laboriosæ!

Pereat tristitia,  
Pereant osiores!  
Pereat diabolus,  
Quivis antiburschius,  
Atque irrisores!

# BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!

William Shakespeare, from 'As You Like it.'  
Air by Dr. Arne. 18th Century.



Blow, blow, thou winter wind!  
Thou art not so unkind  
As Man's ingratitude!  
Thy tooth is not so keen;  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

[Heigh ho! Sing, Heigh ho! unto the green holly!  
Most friendship is feigning! most loving, mere folly!  
Then, Heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly! ]

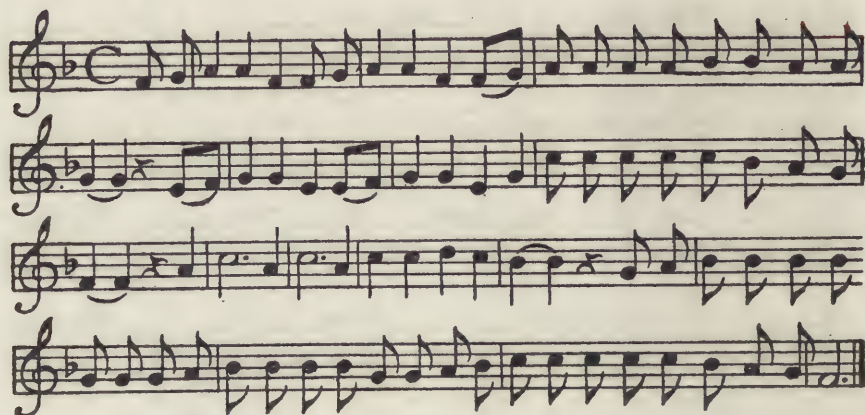
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot!  
Though thou the waters warp;  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not!

[Heigh ho! Sing, Heigh ho! unto the green holly! &c.]



POLLY~WOLLY~DOODLE.

Transatlantic.



Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal—  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!  
My Sal she am a spunky gal—  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my fāiry fāy!  
For I'm off to Louisiana  
For to see my Susy-anna,  
Singing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!

Oh, my Sal she am a maiden fair,  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!  
With laughing eyes and curly hair.  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!

Farewell! &c.

Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!  
So I jumped on a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss.  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!

Farewell! &c.

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!  
A pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!

Farewell! &c.

Behin' de barn, down on my knees,  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!  
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!

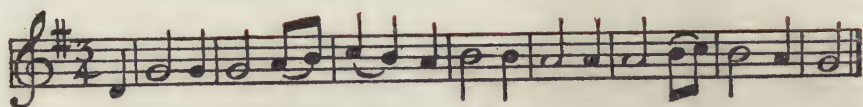
Farewell! &c.

He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!  
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.  
Sing "Polly~wolly~doodle" all the day!

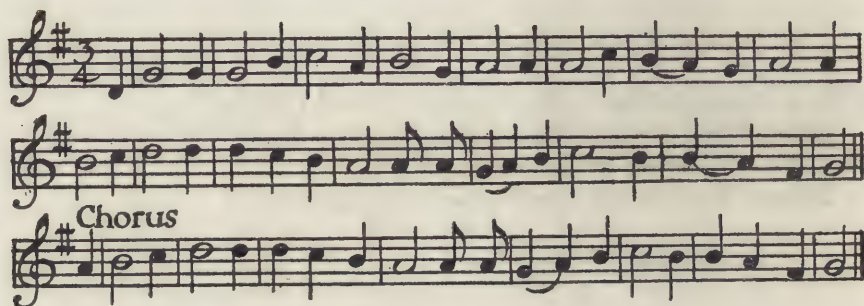
Farewell! &c.

# GEARGE RIDLER'S OVEN.

Gloucestershire Traditional. Early 17th Century.



The stwons, the stwons, the stwons, the stwons,  
The stwons, the stwons, the stwons, the stwons.



The stwons that built Gearge Ridler's oven,  
And thaui keum vrom the Blakeney's quarr,  
And Gearge he wur a jolly owld mon,  
And his yead it grawd above his yare. } Repeat for Chorus.

One thing of Gearge Ridler I must commend,  
And that wur vor a notable theng;  
He mead his braags avoore he died  
Wi' any dree brothers his zons zshou'd zeng. do.

There's Dick the treble, and John the mean  
(Let every mon zing in his auwn please),  
And Gearge he wur the elder brother,  
And therevoore he would zing the beass. do.

Some have thought this ballad is a political riddle written during the Civil Wars (Charles I.).



Mine hostess's moid (and her neaum 'twur Nell),  
A pretty wench, and I lov'd her well;  
I lov'd her well, good reazon why,  
Because zshe lov'd my dog and I.

Repeat for Chorus.

My dog has gotten zitch a trick,  
To visit moids when thaury be zick;  
When thaury be zick and like to die,  
O thether gwoes my dog and I.

Do.

My dog is good to catch a hen—  
A duck or goose is vood for men;  
And where good company I spy,  
Oh, thether gwoes my dog and I.

Do.

Droo aal the world, ould Gearge would bwoast,  
Commend me to merry owld England mwoast,  
While vools gwoes scramblin' vur and nigh,  
We bides at whoam, my dog and I.

Do.

Ov their furrin tongues let travellers brag,  
Wi' their vifteen neames vor a puddin' bag;  
Two tongues I knows ne'er towld a lie,  
And their wearers be my dog and I.

Do.

My mwother told I, when I wur young,  
If I did vollow the strong-beer pwoot,  
That drenk would pruv my auverdrow,  
And meauk me wear a thzreadbare cwoat.

Do.

When I hev dree zixpences under my thumb,  
Oh, then I be welcome wherever I keum;  
But when I hev none, oh, then I pass by—  
'Tis poverty pearnts good company.

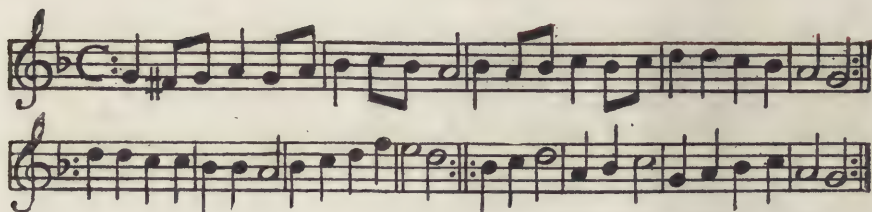
Do.

If I should die, as it may hap,  
My greauve shall be under the good yeal tap;  
In voulded yarmes there wool us lie,  
Cheek by jowl, my dog and I.

Do.

WHAT IF A DAY.

Words by Thomas Campion. 1603.



What if a day or a moneth or a year  
Crowne thy delight with a thousand wish'd contentings?  
Cannot the chance of a night or an hour  
Cross thee again with as many sad tormentings.  
Fortune, honoure, beautie, youth, are but blossoms dyeing;  
Wanton pleasures, dotinge love, are but shadowes flyinge.

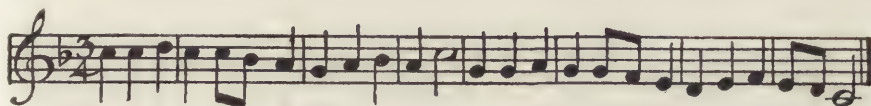
All our joyes are but toyes, idle thoughts deceavinge:  
None have power of an houre, in their lives bereavinge.

Th' earth's but a point to the world, and a man  
Is but a point to the earth's compared center;  
Shall then a point of a point be soe vaine  
As to triumph in a sillie point's adventure?  
All is hazard that we have, there is nothing bidinge;  
Daies of pleasure are like streames through faire meadows  
glidinge.

All our joys are but toys, idle thoughts deceavinge:  
None have power of an houre, in their lives bereavinge.

# PROUD MAISIE.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.  
Air by C. R. Ashbee.



Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early,  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonnie bird,  
When shall I marry me?"  
"When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed?  
Birdie, say truly."  
"The grey-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly."

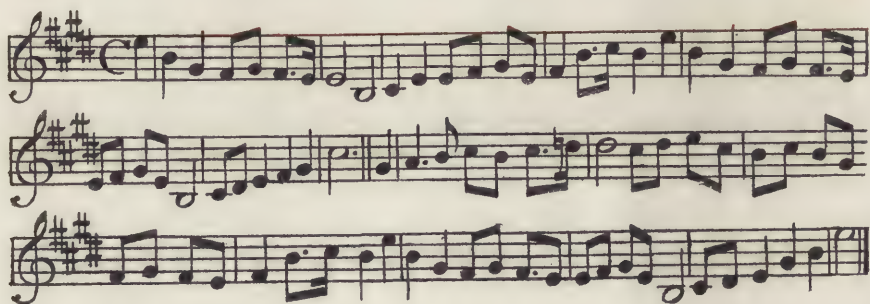
The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady.  
The owl from the steeple sing  
'Welcome, proud lady.'"



## YOUNG AND OLD.

Words by Charles Kingsley. Air: "In January last."

1679.



When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down;  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among;  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

INDEX OF THE ESSEX HOUSE SONG BOOK.

## INDEX OF TITLES.

### Song

A-hunting we will go	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
All round my Hat	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Amble is a Fine Town	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Angler's Song, The	.	from Walton's 'Compleat Angler'	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Annie Laurie	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
A-roving	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
At Dead of Night	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Auld Lang Syne	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Bay of Biscay, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Beggarmen, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Black-eyed Susan	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind	.	from 'As you Like it'	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Blow the Man Down	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Bold General Wolfe	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Bonnie Earl o' Moray, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Bonnie George Campbell	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Botany Bay	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
British Grenadiers, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Campden Maypole Song, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Campden School for Scandal, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Carol	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Carrion Crow, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Cheshire Man, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Christmas Carol	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Christmas Carol	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Christmas Carol	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Clear Cavalier, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Cock Robin	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Cold's the Wind and Wet's the Rain	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Come, Lasses and Lads	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Coridon's Song	.	from Walton's 'Complete Angler'	.	.	.	.	.	.	.



Words	Air	Page
by Henry Fielding	. 'A-begging we will go'	VI. 18
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . . 1830	IX. 8
North-country Seamen's Chanty . . .	. . . .	II. 16
. . . .	. . . .	VI. 5
by Douglas of Fingland	. by Lady John Scott	IX. 35
Seamen's Chanty . . .	. Traditional . . .	IX. 36
by Laurence Housman	. 'In dulci Jubilo,' 14th c.	I. 23
by Robert Burns . . .	. 'I fee'd a lad at Martinmas'	IX. 48
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	IX. 70
by Andrew Cherry . . .	. by John Davy . . .	II. 18
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	X. 18
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	IX. 67
by Shakespeare . . .	. by Dr. Arne, 18th century	X. 53
Seamen's Chanty . . .	. Traditional . . .	II. 6
Traditional . . .	. 18th century . . .	III. 7
Old Scottish Ballad . . .	. Traditional . . .	X. 44
Old Scottish Ballad . . .	. Traditional . . .	X. 37
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . . 1788	X. 9
About 1690 . . .	. 16th century . . .	III. 18
by Laurence Housman	. 'Peace-egging Song'	V. 36
by C. R. Ashbee . . .	. 'Gossip Joan' . . .	X. 25
Mediaeval Traditional	. 'Au clair de la lune' Fr. trad.	I. 40
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	X. 19
Cheshire Traditional	. 18th century . . .	III. 6
15th century . . .	. 15th century . . .	I. 5
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	I. 10
by L. Housman, 1900	. 'Row well, ye Mariners,' 1603	I. 12
1682 . . . .	. 1682 . . . .	III. 2
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	X. 38
by Thomas Dekker, 1600	. 'The Cobbler's Jig,' 1622	VII. 12
Traditional . . .	. 17th century . . .	VII. 5
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . . 1672	VI. 6
by Jo. Chalkhill . . .	. by Janet E. Ashbee . . .	VIII. 22

## Song

Cottage well thatched with Straw, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Courtiers, Courtiers	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Coy Shepherdess, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Damoetas' Jig, in Praise of his Love	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Doun the Burn, Davie	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Drink, Puppy, Drink	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Drink to me only	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Early one Morning	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Farewell and Adieu	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Father O'Flynn	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
General Toast, The	.	from 'The School for Scandal'	.	.	.	.	.
George Ridler's Oven	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Gipsy Countess, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Girl I've left behind me, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Gloucestershire Wassail	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
God Save the King	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Golden Stream, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Golden Vanity, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Good King Wenceslas	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Grey Mare, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Green Broom	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Ground for the Floor	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Guild's Three 'Prentices, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Hail Columbia!	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Hark, they cry	.	from the 'Masque of Narcissus'	.	.	.	.	.
Harvest Home	.	from 'King Arthur'	.	.	.	.	.
Haymakers' Song	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Heart of Oak	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Heer's then a Full Carouse, from the 'Masque of Narcissus'	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Here's a Health unto His Majesty	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Honest Dover's Fancy	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
High Germany	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
How can ye gang, Lassie?	.	.	.	.	.	.	.

Words	Air	Page
Devonshire Traditional . . . . .		V. 30
. . . . .	. 1686	IX. 41
. . . . . 'Amarillis' 1665 . . . . .		IX. 52
by John Wootton, 1600 . 'Venus & Adonis' . . . . .		V. 26
by Robert Crawford, 1695. Scottish Traditional . . . . .		IX. 58
by G. J. Whyte-Melville . by G. J. Whyte-Melville . . . . .		VI. 20
by Ben Jonson, 17th century. Traditional . . . . .		IX. 34
Traditional . . . . . Traditional . . . . .		IX. 13
Seamen's Traditional . Traditional . . . . .		II. 4
by A. P. Graves, 19th century . . . . .		IX. 65
by Sheridan, 1777 . . by T. Linley . . . . .		VII. 15
Gloucestershire Traditional, 17th century . . . . .		X. 56
Devonshire Traditional . . . . .		IX. 21
18th century . . . . . Traditional . . . . .		IX. 62
Stow-on-the-Wold Traditional . . . . .		VII. 20
Traditional . . . . . Traditional . . . . .		I. 39
Ascribed to Henry Carey, 1743 . . . . .		III. 32
by C. R. Ashbee. . 'Row well, ye Mariners,' 1603 . . . . .		VI. 16
Devonshire Traditional . . . . .		II. 2
by Dr. Neale . . . . . 'Tempus adest Floridum' . . . . .		I. 24
West-country Traditional . . . . .		IX. 69
Norfolk Traditional . . . . .		VIII. 9
Cambridgeshire Traditional . . . . .		V. 16
by C. R. Ashbee . 'King Arthur had Three Sons' VIII. 12		
by Judge Hopkinson, 1798. by Prof. Phylo, 1798 . . . . .		III. 24
1602 . . . . . by C. R. Ashbee . . . . .		VI. 8
. . . . . by H. Purcell, 1691 . . . . .		V. 20
Essex Traditional . . . . .		V. 34
by David Garrick . . by Dr. Boyce, 1759 . . . . .		III. 22
1602 . . . . . Adapted from 'Cockles & Mussels' VII. 17		
1667 . . . . . by T. Savile . . . . .		VII. 9
by John Masefield, 1904 . 'Greenwich Park,' 1698 . . . . .		V. 41
Watford Traditional . . 18th century . . . . .		IX. 10
Old Scottish Ballad . . Traditional . . . . .		IX. 56



## Song

How should I your True Love know?	from 'Hamlet'
Hunting-day, The	
Hunt is up, The	
Huntsman's Career, The	
Hymn of S. Francis	
I had Four Brothers over the Sea	
In Bethlehem City	
In Dulci Jubilo	
I stood on a Mighty Mountain	
It was a Beauty	from 'The New Inn'
It was a Lover and his Lass	from 'As you Like it'
I would that the Wars were well over	
Jack in the Green's Song	
Jan's Courtship	
Jaspar's Dirge	from 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle'
Joan's Ale at the Guild of Handicraft	
Jog on, Jog on	from 'A Winter's Tale'
John Brown's Body	
John Peel	
Jolly Miller, The	
Jolly Waggoner, The	
Jordan	
Jovial Foresters, The	
Keel Row, The	
Keys of Heaven, The	
King Arthur	
Kings and Queens	
Lark in the Morn, The	
Leather Bottel, The	
Leeds Old Church	
Lilli Burlero	
London Town	
Love will find out the Way	

Words	Air	Page
by Shakespeare .	. Traditional . . .	IX. 57
by William Williams .	. by William Williams . .	VI. 25
by King Henry VIII. .	. . . . .	VI. 15
. . . . .	. . . . . 1682	VI. 9
. . . . .	. Arranged by J. Wilkes .	I. 28
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	X. 8
Northamptonshire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	I. 8
from the German . .	. 14th century . . .	I. 22
by Janet E. Ashbee .	. 'Ich stand auf hohem Berge.' .	II. 12
by Ben Jonson . .	. French, 15th century .	IX. 74
by Shakespeare . .	. Thos. Morley, 1600 . .	IX. 53
Traditional . . .	. 18th century . . .	IX. 20
by Gerald M. Bishop .	. 'Strawberry Fair,' 17th c. .	V. 24
Somerset Traditional . . .	. . . . .	IX. 32
by Beaumont & Fletcher .	. by Janet E. Ashbee . .	X. 6
by C. R. Ashbee . .	. 'When Joan's Ale was new' .	VIII. 5
by Shakespeare . .	. Early 17th century . .	X. 32
March-Song of the American War, 18th century .	. . . . .	III. 39
Yorkshire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	VI. 4
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	VIII. 21
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	V. 2
Attributed to Chartist times . . .	. . . . .	X. 4
Forest of Dean Traditional . . .	. . . . .	VIII. 19
Newcastle Traditional . .	. 1765 . . . . .	X. 41
Cheshire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	IX. 28
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	X. 20
by C. R. Ashbee . .	. 'Courtiers, Courtiers' . .	III. 26
Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	V. 45
16th or 17th century . . .	. . . . .	VII. 2
Yorkshire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	X. 12
1686 . . . . .	. by H. Purcell . . . . .	III. 12
by John Masfield . .	. 'London is a Fine Town,' 1665 .	V. 14
Early 17th century . . .	. . . . .	IX. 42

## Song

Marching through Georgia . . . . .	.
Marching on . . . . .	.
Massacre of Macpherson, The . . . . .	.
Master Craftsman's Song, The . . . . .	.
Men of Harlech . . . . .	.
Mermaid, The . . . . .	.
Merrythought's Song, from 'Knight of the Burning Pestle'	.
Message of the March Wind, The . . . . .	.
My Johnny was a Shoemaker . . . . .	.
My Lady Greensleeves . . . . .	.
Nottinghamshire Poacher, The . . . . .	.
Now, Robin, lend to me thy Bow . . . . .	Canon
Oak and the Ash, The . . . . .	.
O, Dear, what can the matter be? . . . . .	.
Old and Young Courtier, The . . . . .	.
Old Court House at Long Crendon, The . . . . .	.
Old Hundredth, The . . . . .	.
Old Palace of Bow, The . . . . .	.
O Love is Hot and Love is Cold . . . . .	.
O Mistress Mine, where are you Raming? 'Twelfth Night'	.
O my Love is like a Red, Red Rose . . . . .	.
Ormond the Brave . . . . .	.
Oxfordshire Tragedy, The . . . . .	.
Padstow May Song, The . . . . .	.
Painful Plough, The . . . . .	.
Pastime with Good Company . . . . .	.
Peace-egging Song . . . . .	.
Polly~Wolly~Doodle . . . . .	.
Poor Couple, The . . . . .	.
Pope and Sultan . . . . .	Translated from the German
Proud Maisie . . . . .	.
Psalms ciii. . . . .	Prayer Book Version
Reaphook and the Sickie, The . . . . .	.
Recessional . . . . .	.
Remember, O thou Man . . . . .	.



Words	Air	Page
by Henry C. Work . . .	by Henry C. Work . . .	III. 10
by William Morris . . .	'John Brown's Body' . . .	III. 4
from the Bon Gaultier Ballads . . .	. . .	X. 46
by C. R. Ashbee . . .	'To all you Ladies,' 1664 . . .	VIII. 10
by William Duthie . . .	Welsh Traditional . . .	III. 43
Traditional . . .	Traditional . . .	II. 15
by Beaumont & Fletcher . . .	'In the Merry Month of May' . . .	X. 24
by William Morris . . .	'Teddy O'Neil,' 19th century . . .	V. 12
Traditional . . .	Traditional . . .	II. 5
1580 . . .	. . .	IX. 4
Nottinghamshire Traditional . . .	. . .	VI. 12
. . .	. 1603 . . .	VI. 2
Traditional . . .	Early 17th century . . .	III. 14
Traditional . . .	. 16th century . . .	X. 33
17th century . . .	'Old Leeds Church' . . .	X. 14
by C. R. Ashbee . . .	'Crockamy daisy Kitty alone' . . .	V. 18
by Rev. W. Keith . . .	from the Genevan Psalter, 1543 . . .	I. 33
by C. R. Ashbee . . .	by C. R. Ashbee . . .	X. 30
Traditional . . .	Traditional . . .	IX. 30
by Shakespeare . . .	. 1603 . . .	IX. 61
by Robert Burns . . .	'Low down in the Broom' . . .	IX. 40
Irish Traditional . . .	. . .	III. 17
Late 17th century . . .	Traditional . . .	IX. 17
. . .	. . .	X. 50
Surrey Traditional . . .	. . .	V. 42
by King Henry VIII. . . .	. . .	VII. 8
Lancashire Traditional . . .	. . .	X. 28
Transatlantic . . .	. . .	X. 54
Traditional . . .	Traditional . . .	IX. 24
by Chas. Lever, 18th cent. . .	'Venus and Adonis' . . .	VII. 10
by Sir Walter Scott . . .	by C. R. Ashbee . . .	X. 59
by King David . . .	. . .	I. 38
Hampshire Traditional . . .	. . .	V. 9
by Rudyard Kipling, 1897 . . .	'O come, O come Emmanuel' . . .	I. 14
Traditional . . .	by Ravenscroft, 1611 . . .	I. 26

## Song

Roast Beef of old England, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Robin~a~Thrush	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Royal Recreation of Jovial Anglers, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Rule Britannia	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Sally Gray	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Sally in our Alley	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Scarborough Fair	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Seasons of the Year, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Servingman and the Husbandman, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Severn Side	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Shepherd, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Silly Old Man, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Since first I saw your Face	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Snow Lay on the Ground, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Somersetshire Wassail	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Some Day~Time	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Song from Ralph Roister Doister	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Song of Agincourt, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Song of the Blacksmith, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Song of the Three Children in the Oven	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Song of Twelve, A	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Souling Song, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Spacious Firmament on High, The, (An Ode)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
St. George for England	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Strawberry Fair	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Summer is icumen in	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Canon
Sunny Bank, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Sweet Nightingale, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Sweet Nightingale	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Sweet William	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Tarmut~Hoeing	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Tavern in the Town, There is a	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Tell me, Dearest from 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle'	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
There were Three Ravens	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.

Words	Air	Page
by R. Leveridge, 18th cent.	by R. Leveridge . . .	III. 16
Suffolk Traditional . . .	. . .	IX. 12
17th century . . .	. 'The Vicar of Bray.' . .	VI. 22
by James Thomson . . .	. by Dr. Arne, 1740 . . .	III. 37
by R. Anderson, 1802 . . .	. Cumberland Traditional . . .	IX. 5
by H. Carey, 18th century.	. 'The Country Lass' . . .	IX. 50
Yorkshire North Riding	. Traditional . . .	X. 42
Sussex Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . .	V. 28
Hampshire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	V. 6
by C. R. Ashbee . . .	. 'A Farmer's Son so Sweet' . . .	V. 32
by W. Blake, 1788 . . .	. by Janet E. Ashbee . . .	V. 29
West-country Traditional . . .	. . . . .	X. 34
. . . . .	. 1607 . . . . .	IX. 64
Traditional . . . . .	. by Joseph Moorat, 1902 . . .	I. 21
Traditional . . . . .	. Traditional . . . . .	VII. 4
by C. R. Ashbee . . .	. 'When the King enjoys his own again' . . .	III. 30
by N. Udall, early 16th c.	. 'Heer's then a full Carouse' . . .	IX. 54
15th century . . . . .	. 15th century . . . . .	I. 2
by Dr. J. Smith, 1656.	. 'The Roast Beef of Old England' . . .	VIII. 16
from the Apocrypha . . .	. Plain song . . . . .	I. 30
by L. Housman, 1903 . . .	. 'The Leather Bottel, 16th or 17th c. . .	I. 17
Cheshire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	X. 10
by Joseph Addison, 18th c.	. by Hopkins . . . . .	I. 16
Early 17th century . . .	. Early 17th century . . .	III. 33
West-country Traditional . . .	. . . . .	IX. 9
1246 . . . . .	. 1246 . . . . .	V. 46
Traditional . . . . .	. Traditional . . . . .	I. 34
Surrey Traditional . . .	. . . . .	V. 4
Cornish Traditional . . .	. Traditional . . . . .	IX. 44
Worcestershire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	IX. 60
Oxfordshire Traditional . . .	. . . . .	V. 40
American version of an old Cornish song . . .	. . . . .	IX. 26
by Beaumont & Fletcher . . .	. 'My Mind to me a Kingdom is' . . .	IX. 16
Early 16th century . . .	. Early 16th century . . .	IX. 46



## Song

To all you Ladies	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Tom Bowling	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Tom's Gone to Ilo	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Tree in the Valley, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Twa Corbies, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Twanky Dillo	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Twelve Apostles, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Twenty, Eighteen	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Two Brethren, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Unknown Shepherd's Complaint, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Vicar of Bray, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Villikins and his Dinah	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Walsingham	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Wassail Bough, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Wearing of the Green, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
We be Soldiers Three	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
We be Three Poor Mariners	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
What if a Day	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
When Joan's Ale was New	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
When my Ship comes Home from Sea	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
When the King enjoys his own again	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Where hast thou been to-day?	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Who can Live in Heart so Glad, 'The Passionate Shepherd'	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Who Liveth so Merry in all this Land	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Wi' a Hundred Pipers an a'	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Widdicombe Fair	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Willie's Rare an' Willie's Fair	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Wind Blows out of the West Country, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Witty Shepherd, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Wrestling Match, The	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
You Gentlemen of England	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	from a ballad	.
Young and Old	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Young Herchard	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.

Words	Air	Page
by Lord Buckhurst . . . 1664 . . . . .		II. 20
by Chas. Dibdin, late 18th c. by Chas. Dibdin . . . . .		II. 11
Seamen's Chanty . . . Traditional . . . . .		II. 14
Devonshire Traditional . . . Traditional . . . . .		X. 22
Old Scottish Ballad . . . Traditional . . . . .		X. 45
Sussex Traditional . . . . .		VIII. 8
Devonshire Traditional . . . . .		X. 2
Norfolk Traditional . . . . .		IX. 6
Wiltshire Traditional . . . . .		V. 21
by Richard Barnfield, 1600. by C. R. Ashbee, 1895 . . . . .		V. 22
by a soldier in Col. Fuller's dragoons, temp. George I. . . . .		III. 8
Early 19th century . . . Early 19th century . . . . .		IX. 72
by Sir Walter Raleigh . . . 16th century . . . . .		IX. 38
Yorkshire Traditional . . . . .		VII. 6
Irish Traditional . . . . .		III. 41
. . . . . 1609 . . . . .		VII. 13
. . . . . 1609 . . . . .		II. 24
by Thomas Campion, 1603 . . . . .		X. 58
Traditional . . . Traditional . . . . .		VIII. 2
by Mrs. Lockwood Kipling. Cornish Traditional . . . . .		II. 8
Cavalier Song . . . . . 1652 . . . . .		III. 28
Traditional . . . Traditional . . . . .		IX. 18
by Nicholas Breton, 1604 'In the Merry Month of May' . . . . .		V. 38
Traditional . . . . . 1609 . . . . .		VIII. 14
. . . . .		III. 20
Somerset Traditional . . . . .		V. 10
Scottish Traditional . . . . .		X. 49
by S. Baring Gould . . . Dartmoor Traditional . . . . .		V. 5
West-country Traditional . . . . .		IX. 14
Cornish Traditional . . . . .		VI. 10
by Martin Parker, 1686 . . . Early 17th century . . . . .		II. 10
by Charles Kingsley . . . 'In January Last,' 1679 . . . . .		X. 60
Somerset Traditional . . . . .		IX. 2



# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	page
A carrion crow sat on an oak . . . .	X. 19
A Cheshire man sailed into Spain . . .	III. 6
Adam lay i-bowndyn . . . . .	I. 40
A giant of old time . . . . .	V. 32
Ah! there was an old man and he lived in the East	VIII. 9
Alas! my love you do me wrong . . . .	IX. 4
All in the Downs the ffeet was moored . .	IX. 67
All people that on earth do dwell . . . .	I. 33
All round my hat I will wear a green willow .	IX. 8
An old song made by an aged old pate . .	X. 14
A North country lass up to London did pass .	III. 14
A shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high . .	IX. 14
As I came through Sandgate . . . . .	X. 41
As I sat on a sunny bank . . . . .	I. 34
As I was a~walking, a~walking along . . .	IX. 10
As I was going to Strawberry Fair . . . .	IX. 9
As I was walking a' alane . . . . .	X. 45
As once among the poppies white I lay . .	III. 30
A soul, a soul, a soul cake . . . . .	X. 10
As Villikins was a~valkin' in the garding one day	IX. 72
As you came from the holy land . . . . .	IX. 38
At dead of night, lo ye! lo ye! . . . . .	I. 23
A thing very fit for them that have wit . .	IX. 54
Aw! come now I'll sing you a song . . . .	X. 34
Blessed art thou, O Lord God of our fathers .	I. 30
Blow, blow thou winter wind . . . . .	X. 49
Bold General Wolfe to his men did say . .	III. 7
Bring the good old bugle, boys . . . . .	III. 10
Came Kate the Queen long ages away . . .	V. 18
Campden Town is quiet after London riot .	V. 41
Cold's the wind and wet's the rain . . . .	VII. 12
Come all you jolly ploughmen . . . . .	V. 42
Come, all you lads and lasses, together let us go .	V. 9
Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer .	III. 22



	page
Come, Davie, I'll tell you a secret . . .	IX. 5
Come hither, son Jan, since thou art a man . . .	IX. 32
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl . . .	VII. 5
Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads . . .	VI. 6
Come, you whose loves are dead . . .	X. 6
Courtiers, Courtiers, think not in scorn . . .	IX. 41
Deo gracias Anglia, rede pro Victoria . . .	I. 2
Down the golden stream, as the morn . . .	VI. 16
Drink to me only with thine eyes . . .	IX. 34
D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay . . .	VI. 4
Early one morning, just as the sun was rising . . .	IX. 13
Fair now is the Springtide . . .	V. 12
Farewell and adieu, all you fine Spanish ladies . . .	II. 4
Farewell to old England for ever . . .	X. 9
Gaudeamus igitur . . .	X. 52
God of our fathers known of old . . .	I. 14
God rest ye, merry gentlemen . . .	I. 36
God save our gracious King . . .	III. 32
Good King Wenceslas looked out . . .	I. 24
Good morrow, Gossip Joan . . .	X. 25
Hail, Columbia, happy land! . . .	III. 24
Harke, they crye, I heare by that . . .	VI. 8
Heer's then a full carouse . . .	VII. 17
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling . . .	II. 11
Here's a health to the jolly Blacksmith . . .	VIII. 8
Here's a health unto His Majesty . . .	VII. 9
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen . . .	VII. 15
Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks! . . .	VI. 20
Here's two or three jolly lads all of one mind . . .	X. 28
Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves of green . . .	VII. 6
He that is a clear Cavalier will not repine . . .	III. 2
High upon Hielands and laigh upon Tay . . .	X. 37

	page
Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de decree . . .	III. 12
How should I your true love know . . .	IX. 57
How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot . . .	V. 29
Ho! yonder stands a charming creature . . .	IX. 6
 I am Ormond the brave, did ye never hear of me?	III. 17
I had four brothers over the sea . . .	X. 8
I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea . . .	II. 6
I'll sing you one, oh! . . .	X. 2
I looked in the east, I looked in the west . . .	X. 4
In Amsterdam there lives a maid . . .	IX. 36
In Bethlehem city, in Judea it was . . .	I. 8
In dulci Jubilo . . .	I. 22
In good King Charles's golden days . . .	III. 8
In the days of yore there sat at his door . . .	V. 30
In the meadow one morning when pearly with dew	IX. 20
In thorny woods in Nottinghamshire . . .	VI. 12
Is any of you going to Scarborough Fair? . . .	X. 42
I sing of champions bold . . .	VI. 10
I stood on a mighty mountain . . .	II. 12
It was a beauty that I saw . . .	IX. 74
It was a lover and his lass . . .	IX. 53
I've lived in a wood for a number of years . . .	V. 16
I've my one my man and my two my men . . .	V. 34
I will give you the keys of Heaven . . .	IX. 28
 Jog on, jog on, the footpath way . . .	X. 32
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave	III. 39
Jolly Shepherd, shepherd on a hill . . .	V. 26
 King Arthur had three sons, that he had . . .	X. 20
Kings and Queens have been carried to rest . . .	III. 26
 Long ere the morn expect the return . . .	VI. 9
Loud roars the dreadful thunder . . .	II. 18
 Man's life is but vain . . .	VI. 5
Maxwellton braes are bonny . . .	IX. 35



	page
Men of Harlech! in the hollow . . .	III. 43
My flocks feed not! My ewes breed not . . .	V. 22
My Johnny was a shoemaker . . .	II. 5
My sweetheart, come along . . .	IX. 44
Near Woodstock town in Oxfordshire . . .	IX. 17
Nowel, Nowel, Nowel, to us is borne our God . . .	I. 5
Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow . . .	VI. 2
O a golden comb for golden hair . . .	II. 8
O Amble is a fine town with ships about the bay . . .	II. 16
O dear what can the matter be . . .	X. 33
Of all the girls that are so smart . . .	IX. 50
Of all the recreations which attend to human nature . . .	VI. 22
Of all the trades that ever I see . . .	VIII. 16
O father, father, come build me a boat . . .	IX. 60
O! Fhairson swore a feud . . .	X. 46
Of priests we can offer a charming variety . . .	IX. 65
O how can ye gang lassie, how can ye gang? . . .	IX. 56
O I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill . . .	IX. 62
O, I went down south for to see my Sal . . .	X. 50
O lads, where go ye on the high road to-day? . . .	V. 36
O London town's a fine town . . .	V. 14
O love is hot and love is cold . . .	IX. 30
O merrily we'll dance, says Jack in the Green . . .	V. 24
O mistress mine, where are you roaming? . . .	IX. 61
O my love is like a red, red rose . . .	IX. 40
Once there was an old palace of Bow . . .	X. 30
On Christmas night in the stable . . .	I. 12
One morning in May by chance I did rove . . .	V. 4
One Zunday morn as I've heerd say . . .	IX. 2
On Friday morn as we set sail . . .	II. 15
O Paddy dear, and did you hear . . .	III. 41
O the Guild it had three 'prentices . . .	VIII. 12
O, the sweet contentment the countryman doth find . . .	VIII. 22
Over the mountains, and under the caves . . .	IX. 42
O, Willie's rare an' Willie's fair . . .	X. 49



	page
Pastime with good company . . .	VII. 8
Phillis on the new-made hay . . .	IX. 52
Praise, oh praise our God and King . . .	I. 28
Praise the Lord, O my soul . . .	I. 38
Proud Maisie is in the wood . . .	X. 55
Remember, oh thou man . . .	I. 26
Robin he married a wife in the west . . .	IX. 12
Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . .	IX. 48
Since first I saw your face, I resolved . . .	IX. 64
Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules . . .	III. 18
Sumer is icumen in, lhude sing Cuccu . . .	V. 46
Tell me dearest, what is love? . . .	IX. 16
The dusky night rides down the sky . . .	VI. 18
The first Nowell the angels did say . . .	I. 10
The first that came was a mason . . .	VIII. 5
The hunt is up, the hunt is up . . .	VI. 15
The lark in the morn as she rises from her nest . . .	V. 45
The Pope he leads a happy life . . .	VII. 10
There came an Earl a-riding by . . .	IX. 21
There is a tavern in the town, in the town . . .	IX. 26
There was a jolly miller once . . .	VIII. 21
There was an old couple and they were poor . . .	IX. 24
There was a rich merchant who in London did dwell . . .	IX. 72
There was a ship came from the north country . . .	II. 2
There was a tree, and a very fine tree . . .	X. 22
There was a youth, a well beloved youth . . .	IX. 70
There were some jolly good fellows . . .	VIII. 2
There were three ravens sat on a tree . . .	IX. 46
There were two loving brothers . . .	V. 21
The snow lay on the ground . . .	I. 21
The spacious firmament on high . . .	I. 16
The stwons that built Gearge Ridler's oven . . .	X. 52
The sun it goes down, the sky it is red . . .	V. 28
The wind blows out of the West Country . . .	V. 5
They came to my 'prentice one summer eve . . .	VIII. 10

	page
'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood . . .	X. 24
'Tis of a ragged beggarman . . .	X. 18
To all you ladies now on land . . .	II. 20
Tom Heales, Tom Heales, lend me thy gray mare	V. 10
Tommy's gone, what shall I do? . . .	II. 14
'Twas on a jolly summer's morn . . .	V. 40
Unite and unite, now let us all unite . . .	X. 50
Wassail, wassail, all over the town . . .	VII. 20
Wassail, wassail, all round the town . . .	VII. 4
We are the Jovial Foresters . . .	VIII. 19
We be soldiers three . . .	VII. 13
We be three poor mariners . . .	II. 24
Well met, my brother friend . . .	V. 6
What a fine hunting day, it's as balmy as May .	VI. 25
What Booker can prognosticate . . .	III. 28
What if a day or a month or a year . . .	X. 54
What is this the sound and rumour . . .	III. 4
When Ah weer at home . . .	X. 12
When all the world is young, lad . . .	X. 56
When Britain first at Heav'n's command . . .	III. 37
When Christ did his disciples call . . .	I. 17
When first I went a-waggoning . . .	V. 2
When I survey the world around . . .	VII. 2
When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food	III. 16
When trees did bud and fields were green . .	IX. 58
Where hast thou been to-day? . . .	IX. 18
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a' . . .	III. 20
Who killed Cock Robin . . .	X. 38
Who can live in heart so glad . . .	V. 38
Who liveth so merry in all this land . . .	VIII. 14
Why doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes .	III. 33
Ye Hielands and ye Lawlands . . .	X. 44
You gentlemen of England . . .	II. 10
Young Roger the miller went courting of late .	IX. 69
Your hay it is mowed and your corn is reap'd .	V. 20

# ROUNDS AND CATCHES.

	page
An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass . . . . .	IV. 22
A southerly wind and a cloudy sky . . . . .	IV. 17
Ave Maria . . . . .	IV. 24
Bubbling and splashing . . . . .	IV. 8
Chairs to mend . . . . .	IV. 31
Come, follow, follow, follow, follow . . . . .	IV. 16
Frère Jacques . . . . .	IV. 18
Fye, nay, prithee, John . . . . .	IV. 2
Go to Jane Glover . . . . .	IV. 15
Great Tom is cast . . . . .	IV. 14
Hark! the bonny Christchurch bells . . . . .	IV. 3
Haste thee, nymph . . . . .	IV. 21
Ho, ho, nobody at home . . . . .	IV. 29
I cannot sing this catch . . . . .	IV. 13
Look, neighbours, look . . . . .	IV. 4
May brings round the joyous scene . . . . .	IV. 32
Mister Speaker, though 'tis late . . . . .	IV. 10
My dame hath a lame tame crane . . . . .	IV. 7
Now God be with old Simeon . . . . .	IV. 12
Pedro, reveillez-vous . . . . .	IV. 19
The hart he loves the high wood . . . . .	IV. 6
There was an invisible fox by chance . . . . .	IV. 27
The wise men were but seven . . . . .	IV. 26
Three blind mice . . . . .	IV. 30
Thus saith the Preacher . . . . .	IV. 20
Tuez le coq . . . . .	IV. 25
Turn, Amarillis, to thy swain . . . . .	IV. 5
When V and I together meet . . . . .	IV. 9
Who'll buy my roses . . . . .	IV. 28



# INDEX OF AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

	page
Addison, Joseph. 'The Spacious Firmament' . . .	I. 16
Aldrich, Dean. 'Hark the bonny Christchurch bells' IV. 3	
Artôt, Desirée, 'Pedro reveillez-vous' . . .	IV. 19
Anderson, R. 'Sally Gray' . . .	IX. 2
Arne, Dr. Air to 'Rule Britannia' . . .	III. 37
Ashbee, C. R. 'The Master Craftsman's Song' . . .	VIII. 10
" " 'The Guild's Three 'Prentices' . . .	VIII. 12
" " 'The Campden School for Scandal' . . .	X. 25
" " 'Kings and Queens' . . .	III. 26
" " 'The Old Palace of Bow' . . .	X. 30
" " 'Some-Day-Time' . . .	III. 30
" " 'Severn Side' . . .	V. 32
" " 'The Golden Stream' . . .	VI. 16
" " 'The Old Court House at Long Crendon' V. 18	
" " 'Joan's Ale at the Guild of Handicraft' VIII. 5	
" " Air to 'Unknown Shepherd's Complaint' V. 22	
" " Air to 'Hark! they cry' . . .	VI. 8
Ashbee, Janet E. 'I Stood on a Mighty Mountain' II. 12	
" " Air to 'The Shepherd' . . .	V. 29
" " Music to 'Jaspar's Dirge' . . .	X. 6
" " Air to 'Coridon's Song' . . .	VIII. 22
Baildon, S. 'Mister Speaker' . . .	IV. 10
Baring-Gould, S. 'The Wind Blows out of the West Country' . . .	V. 5
Barnfield, Richard. 'My Flocks Feed not' . . .	V. 22
Beaumont & Fletcher. 'Tell me, Dearest' . . .	IX. 16
" " 'Tis Mirth' . . .	X. 24
" " 'Jaspar's Dirge' . . .	X. 6
Bishop, Gerald M. 'Jack-in-the-Green's Song' . . .	V. 24
Boyce, Dr. Air to 'Heart of Oak' . . .	III. 22
Blake, Wm. 'The Shepherd' . . .	V. 29
Breton, Nicholas. 'Who can Live in Heart so Glad' V. 38	
Buckhurst, Lord. 'To all you Ladies' . . .	II. 20
Burns, Robert. 'Auld Lang Syne' . . .	IX. 48
" " 'O my love is like a red, red rose' IX. 40	

	page
Campion, Thomas. 'What if a Day' . . .	X. 54
Carey, Henry. 'God Save the King,' ascribed to .	III. 32
" " 'Sally in our Alley' . . .	IX. 50
Chalkhill, Jo. 'Coridon's Song' . . .	VIII. 22
Cherry, Andrew. 'The Bay of Biscay' . . .	II. 18
Crawford, Robert. 'Doun the Burn, Davie' . .	IX. 58
Davy, John. Air to 'The Bay of Biscay' . . .	II. 18
Dekker, Thomas. 'Cold's the Wind & Wet's the Rain' .	VII. 12
Dibdin, Charles. 'Tom Bowling' . . .	II. 11
Dorset, Lord. 'Lilli Burlero' . . .	III. 12
Douglas of Fingland. 'Annie Laurie' . . .	IX. 35
Duthie, Wm. 'Men of Harlech' . . .	III. 43
Fielding, Henry. 'A-hunting we will go' . .	VI. 18
Garrick, David. 'Heart of Oak' . . .	III. 22
Graves, A. P. 'Father O'Flynn' . . .	IX. 65
Harrington, Dr. 'Look, Neighbours, Look' . .	IV. 4
" " 'I Cannot Sing this Catch' . . .	IV. 13
Herscher, Jeanne. Harmony to 'It was a Beauty' .	IX. 74
Hilton, John. 'Turn Amarillis' . . .	IV. 5
" " 'Come, Follow' . . .	IV. 16
" " 'There was an Invisible Fox' . . .	IV. 27
Hopkins. Air to "The Spacious Firmament" . .	I. 16
Hopkinson, Judge. 'Hail Columbia!' . . .	III. 24
Housman, Laurence. 'Christmas Carol' . . .	I. 12
" " 'A Song of Twelve' . . .	I. 17
" " 'At Dead of Night' . . .	I. 23
" " 'The Campden Maypole Song' . . .	V. 36
Ives, Simon. 'The Preacher' . . .	IV. 20
Jonson, Ben. 'Drink to me only' . . .	IX. 34
" " 'It was a Beauty' . . .	IX. 74
King David. 'Psalm ciii' . . .	I. 38

King Henry VIII. 'The Hunt is up' . . .	VI. 15
" " 'Pastime with Good Company' . . .	VII. 8
Kipling, Mrs. Lockwood. 'When my Ship comes Home from Sea' . . .	II. 8
Kipling, Rudyard. 'Recessional' . . .	I. 14
Kingsley, Charles. 'When all the World is Young, Lad' X.	56
Lawes, Wm. 'The Wise Men were but Seven' . . .	IV. 26
Lever, Charles. 'Pope and Sultan' . . .	VII. 10
Leveridge, R. 'The Roast Beef of old England' . . .	III. 16
Linley, Thos. Air to 'The General Toast' . . .	VII. 15
Masefield, John. 'Honest Dover's Fancy' . . .	V. 41
" " 'London Town' . . .	V. 14
Moorat, Joseph. Air to 'The Snow lay on the Ground' . . .	I. 21
Morris, William. 'Message of the March Wind' . . .	V. 12
" " 'Marching on' . . .	III. 4
Neale, Dr. 'Good King Wenceslas' . . .	I. 24
Parker, Martin. 'You Gentlemen of England' . . .	II. 10
Phylo, Prof. Air to 'Hail Columbia!' . . .	III. 24
Purcell, Henry. Air to 'Lilli Burlero' . . .	III. 12
" " Air to 'Harvest Home' . . .	V. 20
" " Air to 'Fye, nay, Prithee, John' . . .	IV. 2
" " Air to 'Bubbling and Splashing' . . .	IV. 8
" " Air to 'When V and I' . . .	IV. 9
" " Air to 'Haste thee, Nymph' . . .	IV. 21
" " Air to 'An Ape, a Lion' . . .	IV. 22
Raleigh, Sir Walter. 'Walsingham' . . .	IX. 38
Ravenscroft, Thos. Air to 'Remember oh thou Man' . . .	I. 26
Saint Francis. 'Hymn' . . .	I. 28
Savile, T. Air to 'Here's a Health unto his Majesty' VII.	9



	page
Scott, Lady John. 'Annie Laurie' . . .	IX. 35
Scott, Sir Walter. 'Proud Maisie' . . .	X. 55
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley. 'The General Toast' . . .	VII. 15
Shakespeare, William. 'Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind' . . .	X. 49
"                    " 'It was a Lover' . . .	IX. 53
"                    " 'How should I your True Love know' . . .	IX. 57
"                    " 'O Mistress Mine' . . .	IX. 61
"                    " 'Jog on, Jog on' . . .	X. 32
Smith, Dr. J. 'Song of the Blacksmith,' attributed to . . .	VIII. 16
Thomson, James. 'Rule Britannia' . . .	III. 37
Udall, Nicholas. 'A Thing very Fit' . . .	IX. 54
White, Matthew. 'My Dame hath a Lame Tame Crane' . . .	IV. 7
"                    " 'Great Tom is cast' . . .	IV. 14
Whyte-Melville, G. J. 'Drink, Puppy, Drink' . . .	VI. 20
Wilkes, J. Air to 'Hymn of S. Francis' . . .	I. 28
Williams, W. 'The Hunting Day' . . .	VI. 25
Work, Henry C. 'Marching through Georgia' . . .	III. 10
Wootton, John, 'Damoetas' Jig' . . .	V. 26

HERE ENDS THE ESSEX HOUSE SONG BOOK,  
MADE FOR THE SINGERS OF THE GUILD OF  
HANDICRAFT BY C. R. AND JANET E. ASHBEE  
AND EDITED BY HER, THE MUSIC DRAWN BY  
PAUL WOODROFFE, AND THE WHOLE PRINTED  
AT THE ESSEX HOUSE PRESS, CAMPDEN, GLOS.  
MDCCCCIII TO MDCCCCV.

Published by the Essex House Press, 16 Brook Street, Bond  
Street, London, W.

200 paper copies and 5 on vellum. This is No. 175











DEC.,



1903.

The Guild of Handicraft announces that it now has in readiness the first Part containing 10 sheets of the

### ESSEX HOUSE SONG BOOK.

The work is edited by Mrs. C. R. Ashbee, and the first two Parts contain among others the songs below given, together with their music drawn by Paul Woodroffe, the printing being in red and black.

The response to Mr. Ashbee's preliminary circular of last year—which is reprinted on the next page—brought in some 100 subscribers for the work, which is limited to

300 copies on paper at 1s. a sheet,  
12 copies on vellum at 5s. a sheet.

The sheets are loose, and separate portfolios to hold each of the ten sections described below, can be obtained at 1s. 6d. each.

The book, which is of the size of this notice, will not be sold except to those who are subscribing for the whole work.

The contents will be arranged in 10 sections, containing in all some 300 songs, rounds, and catches, with their music; and the whole will be produced during the next three years, costing not more than L.6 paper, L.30 vellum.

Intending subscribers are requested to fill in the accompanying form.



A NOTE FROM MR. C. R. ASHBEE TO THE SUB-  
SCRIBERS OF THE ESSEX H<sup>O</sup>USE PRESS OR ALL  
INTERESTED IN THE WORK OF THE GUILD OF  
HANDICRAFT.



OR some years past I have been at work on a collection of songs suitable for the young singers of the Guild of Handicraft at Essex House. The songs have for the most part been learned by heart, & they pass from mouth to mouth, but now the collection has grown so large that often the melodies only remain and the words go astray. I have thought it advisable therefore to print the collection; but in order to do this in a manner that shall be both worthy of the subject and up to the Essex House standard, I purpose inviting the co-operation of the subscribers to the Essex House Press.

There are many reasons why the collection should not be brought straight out in one complete whole, reasons human as well as editorial or typographical; so I have decided, if I receive the necessary support, to let the song book be issued much in the manner of the Catnach Press, and broadsides of old; in stray sheets of four pages, but uniform in size and folded folio, so that they can later on be bound. The songs will be printed on both sides of the paper, and here and there will be woodcut blocks.

With a view to meeting the difficulty of index and paging, the classification appended herewith, which we have found helpful in our singing, will be followed, and the songs issued from time to time will be numbered as they appear under one or other of the ten sections. The choice of songs is determined by the love & fancy of the singers, but the gamut is a wide one, and among the 200 or 300 songs chosen, may be found the Recessionals of King Henry V. after Agincourt, and of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, Lyrics of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and Psalms of David, Old English Country Songs, Green & Purcell, and likewise Sullivan & Chevalier, and what is best in modern music hall and melody. The collection in short, is one with a motive; it is a collection, too, that seeks to be essentially English in the greater sense of the word or as we at Essex House try to understand it.

C. R. ASHBEE.

Essex House, Campden, Glos', 1903.

## THE ESSEX HOUSE S<sup>o</sup>NG BOOK. (IN 10 SECTIONS.)

1. SONGS OF PRAISE.
2. SONGS OF THE SEA.
3. SONGS OF LOYALTY AND THE LOVE OF THE LAND.
4. ROUNDS AND CATCHES.
5. SONGS OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TILLING OF THE SOIL.
6. SONGS OF SPORT.
7. SONGS OF THE TAVERN AND THE VINE.
8. SONGS OF THE WORKSHOPS.
9. SONGS OF COMRADESHIP, LOVE, & COURTSHIP.
10. SONG MISCELLANY, TOGETHER WITH SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITIES & SONGS OF PURE NONSENSE.

The first two Parts will contain among others the following songs, together with their music, belonging respectively to five of the sections numbered as under:

### 1. SONGS OF PRAISE.

The Recessional of Henry V. after Agincourt. 1415.  
Christmas Carol. 15th century.  
In Bethlehem City. Northamptonshire traditional.  
The First Nowell.  
On Christmas Night in the Stable. By Laurence Houseman.  
The Recessional. 1897. By Rudyard Kipling.  
The Spacious Firmament. By Joseph Addison.

### 2. SONGS OF THE SEA.

The Golden Vanity. 17th century.  
Farewell and Adieu. Seamen's traditional.  
My Johnny was a Shoemaker.  
Blow the Man Down. Seamen's chanty.  
When my Ship comes Home from Sea. By Mrs. Lockwood Kipling.  
Tom's gone to Ilo. Seamen's chanty.  
To all you Ladies now on Land. 1664. By Lord Buckhurst.



### 3. SONGS OF LOYALTY AND THE LOVE OF THE LAND.

The Clear Cavalier. 1682.  
Marching On. By William Morris.  
The Cheshire Man. 18th century.  
Bold General Wolfe. 18th century.  
The Vicar of Bray. 18th century.  
Marching Through Georgia.  
Hail Columbia!

### 7. SONGS OF THE TAVERN AND THE VINE.

The Leather Bottel. 16th or 17th century.  
Somersetshire Wassail.  
Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.  
The Wassail Bough. Yorkshire traditional.  
Pastime with Good Company. By King Henry VIII.

### 9. SONGS OF COMRADESHIP, LOVE, & COURTSHIP.

Young Herchard. Somersetshire traditional.  
My Lady Greensleeves. 1580.  
Sally Gray. 1802. Cumberland traditional.  
Twenty, Eighteen, Seventeen, Sixteen.  
All Round my Hat. 1830.  
Strawberry Fair. West Country.  
High Germany.  
Robin-a-Thrush.  
Early One Morning.  
The Witty Shepherd. West Country.  
Tell me, Dearest, what is Love? By Beaumont and Fletcher.  
Near Woodstock town.  
Where hast thou been to-day, Jacky my Son?  
I would that the Wars were well over. 18th century.  
The Gipsy Countess.  
The Poor Couple.  
The Keys of Heaven. Cheshire traditional.  
O Love is Hot and Love is Cold.



13807  
A NOTE FROM MR. C. R. ASHBEE TO THE SUB-  
SCRIBERS OF THE ESSEX HOUSE PRESS OR ALL  
INTERESTED IN THE WORK OF THE GUILD OF  
HANDICRAFT.



OR some years past I have been at work on a collection of songs suitable for the young singers of the Guild of Handicraft at Essex House. The songs have for the most part been learned by heart, & they pass from mouth to mouth, but now the collection has grown so large that often the melodies only remain and the words go astray. I have thought it advisable therefore to print the collection; but in order to do this in a manner that shall be both worthy of the subject and up to the Essex House standard, I purpose inviting the co-operation of the subscribers to the Essex House Press.

There are many reasons why the collection should not be brought straight out in one complete whole, reasons human as well as editorial or typographical; so I have decided, if I receive the necessary support, to let the song book be issued much in the manner of the Catnach Press, and broadsides of old, in stray sheets of four pages, but uniform in size and folded folio, so that they can later on be bound. The songs will be printed on both sides of the paper, and here and there will be woodcut blocks.

With a view to meeting the difficulty of index and paging, the classification appended herewith, which we have found helpful in our singing, will be followed, and the songs issued from time to time will be numbered as they appear under one or other of the fourteen headings. The choice of songs is determined by the love & fancy of the singers, but the gamut is a wide one, and among the 200 or 300 songs chosen, may be found the Recessionals of King Henry V. after Agincourt, and of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, Lyrics of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and Psalms of David, Old English Country Songs, Green & Purcell, and likewise Sullivan & Chevalier, and what is best in modern music hall and melody. The collection in short is a collection with a motive; it is a collection, too, that seeks to be essentially English in the greater sense of the word or as we at Essex House try to understand it.

C. R. ASHBEE.

Essex House, Midsummer, 1901.

[p to.





## THE ESSEX HOUSE SONG BOOK.

1. SONGS OF PRAISE.
2. SONGS OF THE SEA.
3. SONGS OF LOYALTY AND THE LOVE OF THE  
LAND.
4. SONGS OF THE OLD WORLD.
5. SONGS OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TILLING  
OF THE SOIL.
6. SONGS OF SPORT.
7. SONGS OF THE TAVERN AND THE VINE.
8. SONGS OF COMRADESHIP.
9. SONGS OF LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND WHAT  
COMES AFTER.
10. SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITIES.
11. SONGS OF THE WORKSHOPS.
12. SONGS OF PURE NONSENSE.
13. SONG MISCELLANY.
14. ROUNDS AND CATCHES.





THE ESSEX HOUSE SONG BOOK.

1. SONGS OF PRAISE.
2. SONGS OF THE SEA.
3. SONGS OF LOYALTY AND THE LOVE OF THE LAND.
4. SONGS OF THE OLD WORLD.
5. SONGS OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TILLING OF THE SOIL.
6. SONGS OF SPORT.
7. SONGS OF THE TAVERN AND THE VINE.
8. SONGS OF COMRADESHIP.
9. SONGS OF LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND WHAT COMES AFTER.
10. SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITIES.
11. SONGS OF THE WORKSHOPS.
12. SONGS OF PURE NONSENSE.
13. SONGS MISCELLANY.
14. ROLLS AND CATCHES.